

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



AGES BEFORE COLUMBUS THERE EXISTED IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST A RACE WHOSE NAME AND PERIOD MUST REMAIN FOREVER UNKNOWN . . SOMETHING OF ITS ART PASSED DOWN TO ITS DESCENDANTS THE ZUNI AND THE NAVAHO; BUT THE MANY-STORIED BUILDINGS OF ITS COMMUNAL LIFE HAVE FOUND NO HEIRS BUT THE MOUNTAIN LION · THE FOX AND THE WOLF

DECEMBER 14, 1922



## "Bringing Home a Basketful of Happiness."

MOTHERS have learned that the perfectly healthy child is the child who eats with a relish, that it is inexpedient to provide children with food which is repugnant to them, and that a simple, palatable dessert is both refreshing and wholesome for the child with a small appetite. They have learned, too, that rather than discourage a liking for sweets in their children, it is far better to provide the right sort of sweet dishes, and to encourage the child to eat and enjoy them.

The American Offices and Factory of the Genesee Pure Food Company are at Le Roy, N. Y., in the famous Genesee Valley Country.  
The Offices and Factory of the Genesee Pure Food Company of Canada, Ltd., are at Bridgeburg, Ontario, on the Niagara River.



# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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## THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR

By Jessie  
Wright-Whitcomb



FOUR o'clock on an unpromising day before Christmas. Weather: cloudy, cold, windy, with an occasional whiff of snow. Miss Olivia Oliver had tried with no great degree of success to feel as she should feel and as she wished to feel at Christmas time. Though a fire was burning in her fireplace, and she had made considerable effort to have her little house gay,—holly and cedar were in evidence, and the library had its usual pleasant, homelike look,—she felt depressed.

Miss Olivia realized that she was not really entitled to a home. She accepted as reasonable the saying that homes belong only to the married. Nevertheless, having always wanted a home, by rigid economy she had finally saved enough money to purchase a house of her own; it was one of the little bungalows that an enterprising building syndicate had erected in two rows, back to back, one facing a diminutive park and the other facing the schoolhouse. She had chosen a house that faced the park; not that she loathed or despised the schoolhouse and the profession that supported her, but enough was enough,—a favorite remark,—and she had just a little rather look at the park after school hours. Buying her house before it was finished, she had had the privilege of expressing her own ideas in many of the final details; it was almost as if she had built it. And it was dear to her beyond words. All the same, it could not talk or intimate aloud the affection that it doubtless felt for her or make her a Christmas present or wish her a happy new year.

Miss Olivia had refused two invitations for Christmas, and now she sat there by her fire, wondering why she had refused them. The year before she had spent the day at the home of a friend who knew that it would be "so sweet for dear little Miss Oliver to be where there were real children with their happy voices and darling ways!" Of course the visit had been nice, but as she sat there, thinking about it, she realized why she had not been keen to repeat the pleasure another year. To be expected constantly to admire dear Edward and precious James and Baby Joan was not altogether an unmitigated joy. She had observed an unforgettable lack of interest in what she herself had or liked or wanted, and a fixed determination that no words or posture of three particularly spoiled children should be overlooked had not helped things. Yes, enough was enough!

The Christmas before? Then she had been caught on a train, so there was not much to that; and the Christmas before that she had nursed a friend during the whole vacation. The Christmas before that one was the first in her little home, and a very satisfactory, comfortable day it had been. It was perhaps a desire to repeat it that had led her to refuse the two invitations.

And before? Oh, she had visited—with the outside feeling that seemed always to accompany her on a Christmas visit. And before and before and before? Most of those Christmases she could remember back to the year that she was nineteen and was teaching a second-grade class in a rather poor district in Boston. That was a Christmas! She lingered long in retrospect. What was there about being quite alone in a third-story back room in a boarding house to make that particular Christmas so dear in memory? Few persons would have found anything in the circumstances to make the day seem attractive. Yet, whatever anyone might say, it had been a perfect Christmas.

She closed her eyes, and in a moment she was back in the old room. In fancy she could see herself waking up early to look straight toward the sofa, where, laid out in display,

were such funny things: a little bit of a new suit with a cap and an overcoat; underwear, stockings and stubby black shoes; a starched little blouse, a necktie and a handkerchief. And, as she knew, in one pocket of the trousers was a good little knife, not too sharp, and in a pocket of the jacket was a little notebook and pencil.

It didn't take her long to bounce out of bed and dress, she felt so excited. My, wasn't she young! The boarding-house breakfast somehow suggested Christmas; at least it did to Olivia, for she had a present for the table girl, and she had left one for the maid, who she knew would have her room in good order on her return from her walk. The bed would be shut up to look like a sideboard or a bookcase or whatever the thing was it was meant to look like, and the coal fire would be burning cleanly in the grate. The room was cheaper because there was no good way to heat it; but to Olivia the fireplace alone was worth the whole of what she paid.

He was to come at eleven o'clock, that little boy John. All through the fall Olivia had watched one forlorn schoolboy who, even among the horde of children none too well off, seemed uncared-for and dejected. He was not in her grade; he was in the first. She envied the first-grade teacher who had him, for the boy had a sensitive, appealing, well-turned little face with beautiful eyes, and he had also a graceful well-built little figure which his ridiculous clothes did not quite conceal. His coming and going, she noticed, had become a sort of torture because the other children yelled at him and called him

"Curls" or  
"Shuffles" or  
"Ragbag"

DRAWINGS BY  
HANSON BOOTH

*She was about to tell him that he must have made a mistake*

"Curls" or "Shuffles" or "Ragbag," according to the witty bent of each.

It was a shame, but Olivia was sure that his teacher must like and protect him. For herself, there was a halo round the heads of little children. But what was her astonishment to learn that the first-grade teacher by no means admired the dejected John; in fact she abominated him. He was too often late, too uncombed, too melancholy! She wished that whoever was responsible for him would move and take him away.

Olivia was distressed; her heart burned. She pitied that unappreciated boy, and with much trouble she made friends with him. How she did like him! She liked the way his face lighted up when he saw her; she liked his unquestioning agreement with her every suggestion; she liked his happiness when he was with her.

Once she had conceived her big idea, she was quite carried away with it. First she measured the boy; then she went to all sorts of clothing stores to find out where she could get the most for her money. He was small for his age, which was seven, and so the little suit and the other things that she bought looked all the nicer on him. She reveled in getting them, and, though the prices strained her lean resources, every penny spent was an adventure.

And everything was ready for Christmas. She arranged with her landlady to have John to dinner; afterwards she would take him to a Christmas play; then she would give him a little Christmas party with a mite of a tree, tell him stories and finally send him home.

It was one of those plans with which nothing whatever goes wrong. John came at eleven o'clock, and what a time they had, polishing and dressing, until he looked at himself in the glass with incredulous amazement. "Who is that boy?" he asked.

"Now who could it be but you!"

"Oh, no!" But his pride was illuminating. He was jubilant over his shoes, his necktie and his handkerchief—the drop of perfume that she shook on it delighted him. But when he discovered the knife, the notebook and the pencil he became grave under too great a weight of happiness.

To go down to dinner was undoubtedly a terror to him, but his regard for her prevented his voicing it; and at the table he behaved so correctly and ate so carefully of all that was set before him that the waitress bragged and the landlady came in to peep.

And the play! Olivia was ready to admit that she had been to few finer Christmas entertainments. She found to her astonishment that the little boy beside her could laugh loud, long and heartily. She hadn't heard him laugh before; a barely voiced chuckle had been the extent of his expressed mirth.

Perhaps it was the close of the day that charmed her most and that gave him the most happiness. She had him look straight into the fire while she took the tiny, carefully trimmed Christmas tree out of the closet and set it on the table. Then she told him to look. Oh, but he was a pretty boy when he saw it! His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes were like stars. There were a few little presents—a sack of candy, an apple and an orange, just what she herself used to receive, and besides a mechanical toy. Then he sat on the hassock and stared up at her while she told him stories, wonderful stories, of princes and princesses and palaces and happy, happy Christmas homes.

She opened her eyes. That had surely been a fine Christmas! All the rest of that year she had kept an eye on John; he had spent many a Sunday afternoon with her. The following year she had taught in the West, but even so she had heard from him a few times—funny, painstaking letters in which he always had quoted some verse that she had taught

him—just to show that he remembered! Goodness! She never had thought of that boy as being more than seven years old, and he must be close to forty now.

It was growing very dark. She ought to be busy about something, not just sitting idly there. But the presents for the little people in the block were already gayly tied and waiting in a basket; there wasn't much else to do except sit there; and after all thoughts like those about John were much better than wondering dubiously what she should live on when she ceased teaching. Then came a knock, a real knock, for her front door sported a knocker. There is nothing so thrilling as a knock. It may usher in anything, good or ill.

She started toward the door; it was some child of course. No, it was a man. It was some one whom she did not know; no doubt he had made a mistake. He was a most compelling personage; clothes such as he wore were seldom seen in the block. Nor did anyone in the neighborhood have such a way of taking off his hat, or such a polished voice, or such a smile. She was about to tell him that he must have made a mistake, but his words checked her: "Miss Olivia Oliver?"

"Yes; will you come in?"

"Only too glad to—and I should like to stay awhile." He removed his snowy overcoat and, hanging up his hat, followed her into the comfortable room. There he stood beside her by the fireplace and, looking smilingly down at her, took both her hands in the gentlest but most assured way—and all while Miss Olivia went from white to red and from red to white with unaccustomed emotions.

"Oh, but it is good to see you!" he said. "I should know you anywhere. It doesn't seem possible! And you? Can it be that you can't guess at all who I am? Not even if you think ever so far back?"

She certainly could not. With a troubled, searching gaze she looked up into his kindly eyes. There was something familiar about them. But, no, she never had so much as seen quite so splendid a gentleman, so quietly assured, so well-groomed—so everything!

And yet he held her eyes—and her hands—and she continued to blush—a trick that had ever been the bane of her life. But she finally found her voice and, impelled by she knew not what, said hesitatingly, "I was just thinking about—John—"

"I just couldn't have stood it," he said, laughing, "if you hadn't remembered me at all!" He put his hands on either side of her face and kissed her first on one cheek and then the other. "And you needn't blame me for kissing you. Many and many's the time you have kissed me!"

Miss Olivia was thrilled. A drab day turned to gold, a whole year, a succession of years, irradiated beyond belief! She had always believed in magic and fairies, youth and Christmas and love and life, without anything much to show for her faith except a sort of quiet song inside; but now suddenly here was her reward!

She sat in her rocking-chair, and he with his inalienable air of being a very great man sat in her one large armchair and looked at her and laughed. "How did I find you? Nothing easier. The only thing I can't explain is why it never occurred to me to do it before. But you see, all that time with you and you yourself seemed to belong forever in a quite different world that had no possible connection with the present. However, when, spurred by my own needs, I thought of things as they are it was easy to find you. You see, I knew the year you went to Indianapolis, and by writing to the school board I found that in ten years you went to St. Louis; then, methodical creature that you are, after teaching there for ten years you advanced on Topeka. I never dreamed that it would be so easy to find anyone. Say something. I want to hear you."

"How you have grown!" she said and laughed. "That is what we have to say to all our old pupils."

"Oh, I never was your pupil; I was your worshiper. Perhaps you didn't know that?" "No, I didn't know that; but I was just thinking what a dear little boy you were. I hope you kept on being a good boy?" she added with a smile.

"You all over again! The thought of you did me more good than you might think."

"Can you tell me about everything?" she asked a bit timidly.

"Not quite," he replied and his face became stern. "I've had my sunken ships. Owing



She told him stories, wonderful stories

largely to you, I think, I longed for a home and believed in that sort of happiness. It governed all my ambitions. Well, I have a house, a kind of palace, and grounds that my friends say are fine; but I have never had a home. That part of my ambitions is all ashes."

He walked over to the window. When he came back he said in a matter-of-fact way, "But I have a boy named John, and he is the age that I was when I adored you. That is why I am here. A little boy's love, Miss Olivia," he added earnestly, "seems to me now a very good thing. You had all mine—every bit of it."

"O John!" she said deprecatingly, for he seemed such a very great man. "Does your John look like you?"

"People say so. But I doubt whether you could see any resemblance between the undernourished retiring little fellow I was and that big assertive boy of mine. You see; I grew when I had a chance."

"You did," she admitted admiringly.

"It is because of my love for you when I was John's age and because of what you have been to me all my life that I came here to find you for John. But we are not going to talk about that now, not until tomorrow night; only I want to say that my poor youngster needs something besides the nurse and the governess and the housekeeper and the rest of them, for they are making an awful mess of him. Now we will leave him; you bundle up and come out to dinner with me. Then we must go to the theatre; remember that play?"

Miss Olivia was thankful that that year was "new-coat and new-hat year" with her and that more than one person had told her that she looked well in her new things.

He had an automobile waiting and was quite the sort of escort that she had loved to describe in her old-time stories. The dinner they ate and the play they attended were like a tonic for Miss Olivia. She radiated the happiness that she felt. She made clever remarks, and this wonderful grown-up John laughed with open enjoyment.

"You give a fellow the same old good time," he said and chuckled. "I can see now why you used to fascinate me so and keep my imagination on the jump."

He was constantly recalling incidents of that last half year in Boston; some she had forgotten, but more she remembered. There seemed to be so much to talk about that back at the house he dismissed the automobile and accompanied her inside. "I'll walk to the hotel," he explained, "for you see we have not planned what we are to do tomorrow, Christmas."

He poked the fire, arranged her chair and settled himself comfortably in his own. "Now, then, where shall we eat our Christmas dinner? Remember that other one?"

"If you don't mind," Olivia replied eagerly, "I wish you would have dinner here with me in my own house to make up for that one's being in a boarding house."

"Nothing I should like better. I'll be here early."

"Then you will have to help; I am my own cook."

"Better yet!"

He rose reluctantly to go. Standing beside her for a moment before the fire, he lifted her hand to his lips. "Only fair," he said, smiling

at her confusion. "Don't you remember how you used to kiss mine?"

As she nodded he added, "I should like to see what would happen if anyone kissed my John's hands! I can't imagine what sort of commotion he would start!"

"I'm afraid you don't know much about handling children," she said, smiling. "That is more my job."

"I should be glad to pay you a mighty good salary to make it your job to manage John. But we are not going to talk about that matter until tomorrow night."

Perhaps they were not going to talk about it, but he had already said enough to make somebody's head whirl—somebody who was so sure she had taught long enough that she had spent many an anxious moment trying to figure out how she could stop and yet be able to live; somebody who had wondered many a time if there weren't something that she could do for a little while outside a schoolroom, some niche meant for her, some work that would mean the change that she knew she needed. What did John mean? Was he in earnest? In spite of herself she began to speculate about John's boy.

It was a rather anxious Olivia Oliver that sallied forth the next morning in search of the things for a feast. But she need not have worried; even on Christmas some good groceryman is always ready. Light in spirit and in purse, she hurried home, happily aware that her dinner would be fit for any of the princes and kings and lords whom she used to tell little John about.

The turkey with its oyster stuffing, the stewing giblets, the mingling fragrances of various oven secrets and gently steaming top-of-the-stove dishes made their presence known when the very grand gentleman, whose approach caused the neighbors to part their curtains, stopped again at her door. "My, but that smells good!" he exclaimed. "Do you cook like that?"

"I can," she said, "and I do. I like to!"

"Fortunate man that I am to have a share! Where do I come in?"

"Kitchen. You are to crack nuts."

He did not seem so much out of place in her sunny, fragrant kitchen as she had feared; indeed he enjoyed the work so thoroughly that, when she told him that as soon as she had stuck a sprig of holly into the centre of a freshly frosted cake and set it out to harden dinner would be ready, he was inclined to object. "Already? Oh, let's cook some more! Shall we set the clock back?"

There could not have been many Christmas dinners just like that one. Never was there such a guest, Olivia thought. Just exactly how the dinner merged into a jolly ride through the sunny frosty world Olivia hardly knew; but it all happened, and it all passed. Olivia Oliver's Christmas Day, a day that far exceeded even her dreams of a real Christmas,

She stopped . . . and bestowed a shy little kiss on the knocker



came to an end; the evening she knew was to be given over to business.

But the evening proved to be rather like the frosting on Olivia's delectable cake with the sprig of holly stuck into the centre of it. "Sit there and look at the fire and don't turn round," ordered John magnificently. "Remember how you made me do that?"

She heard a quiet stirring, the crackling of paper, the snapping of string. Then, "All right, turn round!" he said.

And there on the library table stood a beautiful little Christmas tree, adorned with tiny candles, small colored shining glass balls, little silver icicles and snow on the branches—oh, a beautiful tree!

"Why, John, it's wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"Like it? Sorry it isn't so pretty as that other one. Now be good and you'll get your presents. Remember the picture book you gave me?"

No, she had forgotten that, but she stared incredulously at the exquisite books that he handed her. And there was a marvelous box of candy such as she had seen occasionally in store windows; she had always wondered whoever got such things.

"Remember the little net stocking of candy and the apple and the orange? Sorry I couldn't get anything so good as those." He placed beside her a basket of fruit like apples of gold. "And now, my dear Miss Olivia, considering how late it is and when my train goes—we must talk." He seated himself with an air of permanency in the armchair opposite her.

"Then I must begin by telling you what a wonderful time you have given me," Olivia managed to say. "If you meant this as a return for that other day—"

"Far from it. It couldn't be done. This is a reminder. Now to get down to my own affairs. I came here, after a lot of miserable thinking about that boy of mine and a lot more thinking of the wonderful thing you made out of my skimpy childhood at his age, to persuade you if I possibly could to take over the job of handling him. I don't want you to be his teacher; he ought to go to school. I don't want you to be a nurse; he is too big. I don't want you to be a housekeeper; I have a housekeeper who is perfection. But that boy needs a home, and—your own fault—I have always wanted one."

"And what I came out here to say was anything that would persuade you to come to our house and make a home of it, that might persuade you to take that hard little nut, my boy, and win him and love him as you did me and make something of his childhood and of him, as I am sure you alone can. I came to say all that, and yet now that I am here I can see the hopelessness of my undertaking. I suppose I thought of you as being older and more tired and as living in a boarding house and perhaps as being ready for a change; but I find you alert and contented, happily situated in your home, which is so much more desirable than anything I have to offer. To make it financially worth while to you is all that is left me. But you, dear, good friend, you who were so unspeakably kind to me long ago, can't you help me now in my very real trouble?"

Olivia felt strangely tongue-tied, silent and content. It was as if some steady, wearing, secret pain had suddenly ceased. She had not known until then just how much the future had dismayed her. "John," she said solemnly, "you do not need to plead at all. I can't tell you now, but perhaps I can make it plain sometime just how opportune the right sort of change will seem to me. The only point is this, are you sure you need me and want me and that I am the right one to help you?"

"As sure as life and death," he said gravely.

"I wish to be to your boy what he needs—"

"You will be; how well I know!"

"O John, you never can guess how I have longed for some bit of real work outside a schoolroom! I dearly love my teaching, but I know I need a change. I love my little home, but I'm glad to be able to rent it to a nice brand-new couple I know who can give the poor thing what I never could. John," and she smiled happily, "how could that knock at the door have meant so much! Everything has turned so miraculously since you came—"

"Yes," he assented, "since I came my burden has become as nothing. This has been a blessed day! And it is gone; and I must go. I will write to you at once as to details. Do you remember the good-by I gave you before?"

She nodded.

"Well, here's where I must give you another: A merry Christmas and a happy new year and good-by and a come quickly and a God bless you all in one!"

When he was gone and she had watched him turn the corner of the street she stopped in the darkness before reëntering her door and bestowed a shy little kiss on the knocker.



# AN UNCERTAIN ATTRACTION



By  
Leon W. Dean

JUDIE, the tame bear, was one of the chief attractions at the mountain inn. On the great grassplot out front she performed for the amusement of visitors, not voluntarily or under direction, but merely because she was there and everything that she did was amusing. She was hitched to a big iron stake beside a terrace.

On the porch overlooking the lawn two boys were talking about the bear. One was Tom Barclay, the son of the proprietor; the other was Erskine Pagett, who with his father and mother was of the more recent arrivals among the guests. "How'd you like to meet a fellow like that out in the woods?" suggested Erskine.

"Huh!" responded the proprietor's son. "I'd just as lief, I guess. I bet there's no bear out in the woods much uglier than old Judie!"

"She ugly? I shouldn't think you'd keep her if she's ugly."

"You bet she's ugly. We got her when she was little, and she was all right then, but she's getting old and cranky. Dad says he ought to kill her, but he doesn't like to. You ought to have seen her go at a pup the other day. Maybe that pup didn't make tracks!"

"Whose pup was it?"

"I don't know. One of the boarders' probably. The boarders used to feed Judie candy and peanuts and all kinds of stuff, but they don't dare go near her now. Dad put up a sign this spring. See it there?"

Erskine was looking at the sign; it read:

**DANGER! BEWARE THE BEAR!**

"You ought to see her drink pop!" Tom continued. "I bet she could drink a gallon. She doesn't get any more, though. Last fellow that tried to give her some got his hand torn. You want to see some fun?"

"You bet!" Erskine declared emphatically. "Come on," said Tom.

They made their way toward the back of the house. Tom disappeared for a moment through the kitchen door and came out carrying a broom. They circled the shrubbery out of sight of the office and came indirectly to the terrace above the bear.

"Hello, Judie," greeted Tom.

If Judie was ill-tempered, she did not at the moment show that she was; indeed she seemed to be rather friendly toward the boy.

"Want a broom, Judie?"

Erskine had been wondering what the broom was for. After one or two feints, which Judie responded to in playful mood, Tom tossed the broom out, and she deftly caught it. Then the fun began. Judie became a walking acrobat. The broom in her grasp inspired her to a fine frenzy of two-legged antics. She stalked about, flourishing it as if it were a band leader's baton; she cuffed it; she wrestled with it. Once she dropped it, but with a single downward sweep of the paw, incredibly quick, she caught it up again.

"Say, did you see that?" muttered Erskine. "Just wait till she gets going!" said Tom exultantly.

The boys had not long to wait. In her awkward fashion Judie struck herself on the nose once or twice by mistake, and her rising excitement increased to anger. She growled, and the broom, instead of being a plaything, became an enemy. She bit and clawed and mauled it, and the chain rattled as she tried to put an end to the elusive thing. But the broom was so light and thin that it baffled her. In her savage attempts to demolish it she lurched and lunged and became a veritable whirlwind of fury.

"My goodness, she can't get away, can she?" asked Erskine.

"Don't know," replied Tom. "I'll say I hope not. Dad ought to put a stronger chain on her. That one's too old, and 'tain't heavy enough—not since she's put on weight and got to acting up."

"I shouldn't think it would be a good plan to get her mad like that," suggested Erskine.

"Well, I s'pose it isn't," agreed Tom. "I don't do it much any more. She used to be as calm as a kitten and have all kinds of fun with the broom, but now she's getting too obstreperous. I just thought I'd show you."

Tom seemed rather anxious to put an end to the affair. "I ain't just hankering to have dad drop around," he explained. "He mightn't say anything, and then again he might!"

"I guess there won't be much left of that broom," remarked Erskine. "How you going to get it?"

At that moment a chance flip sent the bear's straw-tipped enemy beyond her reach. It had hardly touched the ground before Erskine leaped from the low terrace and snatched it up. Quick as he was, Judie was quicker. The chain creaked at her leap, and one reaching paw with claws extended almost

raked him. He was rather white when he had scrambled back to a place of safety.

"What in time did you do that for?" demanded Tom. "I guess you've got nerve all right, even if you are from the city!"

"I—I got the broom anyway," declared Erskine.

Already Tom was sidling away; occasionally he cast a surreptitious glance back in the direction of the hotel. Excitement of a certain nature clearly was not to his liking. "Maybe dad wouldn't give me what for if he knew old Judie had come as near getting you as that!" he exclaimed.

"Huh, it was my fault," answered Erskine. "You couldn't have helped it, could you?"

He was still a little shaky, however, and was glad to go in to supper. "If that old bear should ever get loose," he declared, "I bet there would be some excitement around these diggings."

And Tom agreed with a hearty, "You bet!" He was feeling as shaky as Erskine.

It was in the night a few hours later that Erskine, who was sleeping in Tom's room, awoke with a cry. Tom had him by the shoulder. Even in the darkness Erskine could see the scared look on his friend's face.

"Did—did you hear anything?" asked Tom. Before Erskine could answer both heard a noise. It sounded loud in the stillness of the night; yet it was not loud. It seemed to come from somewhere below them.

"It—it's down in the office," said Tom, chattering.

Erskine was city bred. "You don't s'pose it's a burglar?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I don't know. I've got to go and see." Tom was already out of bed. His movements were stealthy.

"Why—why don't you get your father?" suggested Erskine in a voice that shook.

"No time. He's way up on the top floor."

There was a little light in the room, for the night outside was not pitch dark. Tom was making his way toward a bureau. Reaching it, he opened one of the drawers and took out something that he gripped in his right hand.

By that time Erskine was also up. "What—what you got, Tom? What you going to do?"

"S-s-sh, don't talk so loud! It's a revolver."

From below came the noise again, a little louder.

"Come on," whispered Tom in a shaky voice.

The two boys met at the door and stole through it into the corridor. It was not quite so dark there, for there were night lights burning, turned low. Everything seemed to be sleeping. But in a few moments as they made their way toward the head of the stairs they could plainly hear something moving about in the office.

"Maybe—maybe it's your father or the clerk," whispered Erskine.

"Why haven't they got the lights on then?"

The hotel was pretty much open on the first floor. The boys could see that, like the lights in the corridors, the

lights downstairs were turned low, just as they were left every night. They began cautiously to work their way down the steps. In a moment or two they would be able to see the desk with the clerk's filing cases and the safe behind it.

Suddenly Erskine clutched Tom by the arm. Something was coming round the bottom of the stairs! Tom whirled to look, but as he did so his foot caught in a tear in the worn carpet, and he catapulted straight down toward it!

Erskine's first impression was that the thing at the bottom of the stairs was a man stooping over or going on hands and knees. His next impression was of Tom plunging toward the thing. At the bottom he almost

struck it as he sprawled at full length on the carpet. The next instant he was scrambling to his feet, and the thing was lunging at him. As it lunged it growled, and then Erskine knew. In a flash, it seemed, he saw Tom raise his revolver, heard the metallic click as the hammer fell on an empty chamber, and then saw Tom go down before the bear's lunge.

The staircase shook with the force of that lunge. Even the thick walls must have jarred, for a fire hose, such as you will find in almost any hotel, slipped from its form and came tumbling down. Erskine knew how to work that hose; Tom had shown him that very day. Tom had bragged about the water; he had said that it came from back up on the mountain and had force enough to knock a man over. So quickly that it seemed to have required no thought at all Erskine gave the wheel that controlled the flow of water a twist and felt the canvas bulge as the water surged into it. He had the nozzle in hand when the water reached it and was just in the nick of time to catch bruin as she turned her attention again to Tom. Evidently she had spied her other adversary on the stairs, and for a moment, fortunately, her attention had been distracted. That moment probably saved Tom's life, for he had managed to crawl beneath the stairway.

The bear of course was Judie; her chain, further weakened perhaps by her mock warfare of the afternoon, had at last broken.

The hard-driven stream of water struck her full in the neck. To say the least it surprised her. She whirled fiercely upon it. If the broom that afternoon had seemed an intangible thing, the stream of water must have seemed still more intangible. It smote her in face and neck and shoulders; it dashed into her with a force that caused her to reel upon her hind legs as she rose open-mouthed and swung at it. She rushed it madly, and her rush carried her part way up the stairs. But a bear is not fashioned to mount stairs on two legs; she lost her footing, fell and went rolling back. She struck the bottom, fighting the water with mad fury. Beating down upon her, it held her in confusion to the floor for a moment; then she surged up beneath it, and her roar filled the house.

Had she stayed on all fours she would have fared much better, but it was like her to rise and strike. The restrictions of her chain had taught her to work upon her hind legs even more than a woods bear does. But, try as she would, she could not get up the stairs. The torrent of water flooded her, and her fiercest swings and lunges had no effect on it. The harder she flung herself into it, biting and clawing, the harder it seemed to smite back.

Erskine, holding the big nozzle, was thoroughly frightened; he could not help it. He could not help thinking what would happen to him if she succeeded in reaching him. In desperation he kept the stream of water playing on her. Sometimes she would come on all fours part way up toward him, but the nearer she got the harder the water hit her, and sooner or later she would rise, pawing and mouthing it, only to lose her balance again. There might be a time, though, when, paying more attention to him than she paid to the water, she would come all the way on all fours. The uproar was bringing people into the hallway, but they were excited, and none of them seemed anxious to take a hand.

It was Tom that finally turned the tide. The walls of the office were adorned with a good many trophies and implements of the hunter's and the fisherman's art. Among them was a heavy dragnet that had been used in the old days when it was not unlawful to "draw the seine." In its time it had landed a good many barrels of struggling fish from the mountain lakes. It was heavy meshed and strong. Though Tom had received several bad scratches, he rose and, running into the office, got the net. He returned with it just as Erskine, who was rather hard pressed, once more sent the bear sprawling part way back down the stairs. At that moment Tom cast the net—and Judie took care of the rest! The net was just another of those aggravating, intangible things which could fight her so hard and against which her wildest endeavors were so futile. In a trice it had grabbed her by leg and claw and jaw and had wrapped itself in clinging, tenacious folds round her body. She could not make a move without its hampering her. If she tried to rear, it drew her back; if she tried to advance, it tripped her; if she tore through it, it would simply renew its attack at another place. Nor did the constant souse and buffet of the water help her in her struggles. She rolled upon the floor, roaring, fighting, unable to get free, lunging ineffectually a few feet at a time at those who, emboldened, were drawing closer

She rushed it madly



DRAWINGS BY  
RODNEY  
THOMPSON

round her. Then Mr. Barclay appeared and got more ropes upon her, and once again she was a prisoner.

In a few minutes they found out exactly how the bear had succeeded in breaking loose. The little dog that had teased her before had apparently teased her again, and in her anger she had broken her chain. His body

was lying on the terrace where the bear had cornered him and had struck him down; probably it was the commotion incident to the killing that first awakened Tom. It was not long before the bear got into the hotel. Her anger over the affair with the dog was doubtless still simmering when Tom had missed his footing and had descended upon her.

"Judie," Mr. Barclay said, "you've pronounced your own sentence—shot at sunrise!" But Erskine would not have it so. "Why not take her out into the woods and let her go?" he proposed.

Mr. Barclay looked at him. The boy was wet and bedraggled, and his face showed the effects of the strenuous moments just past.

Then he looked at the boy's father. "Well, Mr. Pagett," he said, "you hardly expected your son to become a bear fighter quite as soon, did you? I've grown rather attached to Judie—and anything to please the guests. As soon as we've sluiced out here a bit we'll turn her loose. She's wild enough to take care of herself, so we needn't worry about her!"



## Chapter One Cousin Adelaide's reception

NAN ADDINGTON was late for breakfast. "I'm late principally because I have been up since it stopped being night," she thought wrathfully. "I wish keeping a strawberry garden didn't mean that the strawberries in it had to be picked!" She threw down an overall covered with strawberry stains and, washing her pink-stained fingers, turned firmly from a glimpse of her untidy brown hair in her mirror. "I simply can't smell coffee and fuss with looks even if I am fifteen years old and ought to be neat," she observed, glancing at the empty room where her elder sister had dressed. "Lil will be neat enough for two anyhow. Whew, breakfast, you smell lovely!"

With that she made a running jump for the stairs and with her hand on the banisters descended headlong and burst into the living room.

"Oh, coffee, mummy, quick—" she began and paused halfway between the door and the breakfast table.

The family were sitting at table just as usual—Lil, who was seventeen and very pretty and had the real corn-yellow hair and blue eyes that people always turn to look at; small Billy, who was just seven and was the care and the joy of his mother; and Mrs. Addington herself. But Nan's mother was not looking at all as usual; with a queer preoccupied look that quick-eyed Nan knew was not all pleasure she was reading a letter. "Mummy, what is it—what's the matter?" the girl asked.

Mrs. Addington raised her head, which would have been just like Nan's if it had not been very tidy. "Nothing," she replied hastily. "Except—oh, Cousin Adelaide Sinclair wants to come and make us a visit."

"Cousin who?" Nan stared. She had never heard of any Cousin Adelaide. Moreover, her mother, Lil and herself, who kept a strawberry garden with a few vegetables and who lived on what they could earn by supplying the tables of the summer visitors round the village of Happy Valley, were not prepared for any sort of cousin who might want to come and stay with them. "I don't know who on earth the cousin is," she observed resignedly.

"She's Mrs. Sinclair, your father's cousin. She has lived abroad ever since you were born, but this summer she's been visiting the British ambassador's wife at Newport. I—oh, of course I must let her come here."

"Here?" Lil gasped. "Mother, you can't! She's probably frightfully grand with lovely clothes, and we—why, we haven't even a servant."

"There's Rose," said Nan, who was the more practical of the two girls. Rose had been the cook when the family had had money for a cook, but she was living with her old mother in the village. "Rose will have to come back and cook if you have Cousin Adelaide here," continued Nan. "I'd like to taste one of her chicken salads myself."

"Chicken salads!" Lil exclaimed scornfully. "We'll have to have late dinner!" "We'll be just as we always are," said their mother decidedly.

"Who'd wait on table if we did have dinner," Nan burst out scornfully. "Billy boy, would you dress up in a black suit and change the plates?"

Billy gave a solemn chuckle. "Spect I'd drop 'em." He got down from his chair, snapped his fingers to Doll, the small black dog that had been waiting patiently under it, and prepared to go out.

"Wait, children, do," said Mrs. Addington. "Do you realize, all of you, that Cousin Adelaide's coming tomorrow? Lil or Nan—no, I can't spare you girls! Billy, will you run down to Rose's and tell her that mother wants to know whether she can come up tomorrow?"

"Well, I was going fishing with Tommy Yelverton," Billy began and

then, observing that Nan was looking at him, stopped.

"Run along to Rose's quick," Nan cried; "you can fish afterwards."

"I love her name—Adelaide Sinclair!" Lil looked admiringly at the signature of the note that her mother had put down. "Who is she really, mother?"

"Adelaide Addington, your father's cousin, who married an Englishman named Sinclair, a son of Lord Orderdale. Her husband died some years ago, but during his lifetime she was a lady in waiting to the Queen of England."

Billy turned hastily in the doorway. "Does she wear a crown, then?"

Nan rose from the table, like a whirlwind. "Get on, Billy boy, you caterpillar, and come along, Lil!" she exclaimed. "Let's get our garden work done and then help mother!"

Lil sat still. "There are such tons of berries still to be picked, and my hands do get so ugly," she lamented. "Mother, couldn't the old strawberries go, just for today? I'd rather help you with Cousin Adelaide's room."

"Ripe strawberries wait for no girl," replied her mother, laughing. "Besides, the money for the crop has to keep us all winter."

"I never want to see a strawberry again," Lil muttered.

Nan ran her hands through her brown hair till it was rougher than ever. "How would mother feed and clothe us if it weren't for strawberries and the other stuff?" she demanded hotly. "Don't be piggy, Lil!"

"Well, it isn't nice for father's cousin to see us slaving at them," Lil complained. "If she's so fearfully grand and stays with ambassadors' wives, she'll despise us!"

"Dear Lil," said Mrs. Addington, "if she did despise us, it would be she that was horrid, not we!"

"Well, I never heard of swell people keeping a strawberry garden."

"Perhaps not, but how do you suppose we should live if we did nothing?" Mrs. Addington was worried; she had never heard Lil



complain before. "Are you ashamed of it, Lil?"

"Yes, I am," Lil declared.

"Mother, I've always hated it, and now, with a Cousin Adelaide coming to look down on us, I hate it more than ever. I know she'll look down on us! Lots of girls do when I go to history class in the winter."

"You don't look at it the right way," her mother replied slowly. "But there's no time to talk now. Mrs. Yelverton wants some asparagus sent up at once."

"There is none for her," Nan replied promptly. "I sold the last batch this morning. Mother, do you know we've made nearly a hundred dollars out of asparagus? It's a mercy so many rich families come here for the summer. Go on and tell us about Cousin Adelaide quick, mother, before I go out. Why didn't we know we had her?"

"She lived in Europe, and I had no time for letters. I'd almost forgotten her till this morning."

"She'll think this place is dreadfully workaday and untidy," Lil said obstinately. "Besides, who's going to meet her at the station? Our wagon has no paint on it, and Old Jane is a show!" "Old Jane" was the pony.

"Why, Lil, you must have a headache!" Mrs. Addington exclaimed. She knew well enough that Nan had "moods," but for sweet and placid Lil to complain was unheard of!

But Lil had not finished. "Look at us," she sobbed; "look at everything! The garden—the house—all so dreadfully shabby; and we work so—so hard."

"Why, Lil!" Mrs. Addington placed her hand on Lil's shoulder and nodded to Nan to go. "My poor Lil, what is it?"

"Everything," Lil replied chokingly. "Mother, you don't know how hard it is to be growing up and to have to go without all the things other girls have."

"Don't I? I was a girl once myself. Only—I didn't suppose you felt things so bitterly."

"O mother, I am a bore to complain. Were you young when you married?"

"Eighteen; that was eighteen years ago."

"Then you're only thirty-six!" gasped Lil. "And feel about one hundred," replied her mother. "Listen, Lil. You can remember coming here after your father's death when I had no money and nowhere else to go. This house and ground belonged to me; so I tried growing things and in a small way succeeded, though I never had enough money to work the place properly. I feel sad when I realize that you hate it, but what else could I have done? And let me tell you that your cousin won't despise you, whatever she does. You may be sure of that."

"I know," Lil admitted. "I was silly. Only I was discontented because, O mother, I do so want to go to the dance Nettie Yelverton's having next week! It's to be a real dance with music from New York. Nettie says I'd need only a simple dress."

"Oh, Nettie!" said Mrs. Addington slowly. So it was the Yelvertons that were making Lil miserable. For perhaps the hundredth time Mrs. Addington wished that the Yelverton family had built their huge new house anywhere but in Happy Valley. That they were rich did not matter, plenty of richer people than they had houses up and down the cool shore of the little Atlantic bay,—but what did matter somehow was that they were the Yelvertons. Not one of them, neither fat Mr. Yelverton nor Mrs. Yelverton nor Tony, home from college, nor Nettie, the schoolgirl, nor Tommy, the spoiled small boy, seemed to have one thought in the world except money and his own sweet will. They were Mrs. Addington's best and most condescending customers; but unfortunately they were her nearest neighbors also. Lil and Nettie were hand in glove; Tommy haunted the house unceasingly; and Tony—Mrs. Addington realized with an inward groan that Tony had brought nothing from college except the worst characteristics of the fastest set.

"O mother, do say something," Lil cried. "I know you don't like Nettie much. But I do want to go; and couldn't I take some of the asparagus money for a dress?"

"I'm afraid," replied Mrs. Addington with a worried look, "it wouldn't be fair. The others—"

"Nan never wants anything, and Billy's only a baby. O mother—"

A shriek from the veranda interrupted her. "Mummy," Billy yelled, "come quick—quick! He's going to be drowned!" "Drowned? Heavens, he must mean Tommy!" With visions of the youngest Yelverton, who had gone fishing with Billy after his errand to Rose, lying now in the eelgrass, Mrs. Addington was on the veranda in an instant. "Billy—" she began and then stopped short.

Obviously it was not Tommy Yelverton that was going to be drowned; for he stood in front of her, calm and grinning, and in front of him stood Billy with a very white, woolly puppy clutched in his arms. "It's him!" he lamented. "Bob Burgess has got to drown him. His father says so—the man who helps us fish."

He nodded over his shoulder, and Mrs. Addington was aware of yet another small boy, a very small one, leaning against the railing of the veranda; he was speechless with snuffy tears. "But why—" she began.

"His father says he won't have the pup around, and he told Bob to drown him," Billy replied. "And, mother—"

"Can't drown him," burst in the snuffing Bob.

But Billy never paused. "Can't we keep him," he pleaded. "He's so—so woolly and little."

Mrs. Addington hesitated. "I don't know. You have Doll, Billy!"

"Doll loves him," Billy replied promptly. "O mother, let me have him anyway till I find a home for him! He's so anxious and begs so. See him!"

The woolly atom of a puppy was licking Billy's hands eagerly with a very pink tongue. Mrs. Addington's scruples fled. "Very well," she agreed. "Only we'll

In the doorway stood a lady, cool and immaculate, dressed in white from her hat to her shoes

DRAWN BY S. J. ROSENMEYER





call him the Boarder, Billy, and remember he's only going to stay with us; he's not coming to live!"

Lil watched her mother head a procession to put the new Boarder in the back shed; a moment later she joined Nan in her strawberry picking. "I wish we could afford to keep a man to pick these old berries," she said and sighed.

"Well, we can't," Nan never even looked up. "Old Wood's all mother can manage, and he has enough to do with the cow and with Old Jane to drive the things to market."

"Do you think Cousin Adelaide will bring a maid?" Lil demanded suddenly. "Mother thinks she may, and that would be too awful. I wish she wasn't coming at all!"

"She may be nice," Nan said rather doubtfully.

But Lil shook her head. "I know she won't be. O Nan, I do so want to go to Nettie Yelverton's party and—" Then a sudden light came into her face. "Nan, wouldn't it be splendid to take Cousin Adelaide to it! Mother says she's the Honorable Mrs. Sinclair, because her husband was the son of an earl, and you know what the Yelvertons are like! Wouldn't they be impressed?"

"I suppose they would," Nan replied. "But I don't want to go to their old party. I would if it were only boys and girls, but Nettie's asked college men and lots of other people. I suppose you'll like dancing with them?"

"How can I dance with them?" asked Lil crossly. "When you know I can't go without a new dress to wear!"

"You can have my piece of pink crêpe that isn't made up," Nan was always generous. "I don't want it; it's too fragile; I'd tear it the first minute. O Lil, don't pick the little berries. Mother said we could have them for tomorrow night. Frank and the other boys are coming to the cove to camp, and mother said we could take supper over. They'll have a big fire. We can get a good basket of little strawberries and some potatoes to roast and a corn cake. I love corn cake—out of doors!"

"I don't care much for boys' picnics now," said Lil crossly. "I—O Nannie, I know I'm a pig to complain when you never do, but all the girls my age are going to grown-up picnics every day and having a lovely time with all the men from college."

"I know it's hard," Nan replied sympathetically; "only I hope I won't be grown up soon. It doesn't seem to make you happy."

"I'm happy enough," Lil said slowly. "Only sometimes I get horrid and cross. It's lucky mother never does."

"Mother's looking awfully tired all the same," Nan said sharply. "She's working too hard. I asked her if she could afford to have Rose to cook this winter and take a rest, and she said she was afraid she couldn't. She wanted to send you to all the winter classes this year and give you all the advantages she could."

"I—didn't know," was all Lil said.

But at dinner time she looked at her mother with self-reproach and penitence for her own stupidity; her mother did look tired, and she had never noticed it before. "Are you very tired, mummy?" she asked suddenly.

"A little."

"We'll clear up," said the cheerful Nan, "and you go and rest. Billy and I'll wash all the dishes, and Lil can see that Wood gets off with the strawberries."

"I think I will," said Mrs. Addington slowly. "Only if a telegram comes from Cousin Adelaide, saying what train we're to meet tomorrow, one of you bring it to me to answer. Will you?"

Nan nodded, and Lil asked, "Is her room ready?"

"Yes, dear. You go and look at it."

Lil went, and added some treasure of her own to the dainty little guest chamber. "It's so humble," she said discontentedly to Nan.

But Nan shrugged her shoulders. "It's pretty, and, oh, what does it matter anyhow? Come and get the dishes cleared up. Billy, you put the Boarder out on the veranda with Doll and go and get the dish wipers."

But the Boarder refused to stay on the veranda. Attended by both his dogs, Billy wiped plates till he could turn with a relieved sigh and disappear.

Nan cast a last glance over the cleared-up room. It was a shabby, cosy place made pleasant in summer by a big veranda on the southwest side that opened on a square hall lit by a long, low window. The living room served every purpose of the Addington family. They had no time to dust a useless parlor, and if the living-room furniture was worn the chairs were comfortable. There were sturdy tables where the girls could sew in the evening and where Billy could paint gloriously in old magazines and beat his

sisters at animal grab. Noise never disturbed Mrs. Addington, a fortunate circumstance especially at that moment, for Billy's voice suddenly sounded piercingly from the top of the house: "Nan! Tommy Yelverton's come to play, and I'm in the attic, getting the things to dress up. You and Lil play too?"

"All right," Nan shouted as she swept the kitchen floor. She was banking the fire when Billy rushed in on her.

"Get ready," he commanded. "We'll play we're going to see the King of England."

It was no hasty business, though Billy marshaled the court ladies and directed operations, and when all was done the scene was effective enough. Lil, wearing an old white satin gown of her mother's and a train draped out of a dilapidated red bedquilt, looked beautiful, though she thought she was too grown up for Billy's plays. Nan was quite a "star"; she had a feather duster stuck rakishly into her hair and a long skirt of some old purple damask curtains. Tommy Yelverton wore an old military coat, a tin helmet and a large paper knife for a sword.

But all splendor paled before Billy's. A scarlet dressing gown, a pair of bright blue bedroom slippers, an old tin sword, a wreath of artificial flowers and a glass necklace made of bits of a crystal chandelier that had once adorned the ceiling of the hall were all somewhere on his small person.

The Chinese idol was the most important "property." It usually held the sagging front door open but now was elevated to a bench and to the dignity of the King of England. On its royal head reposed an expensive china bowl; it had been chosen for a crown because the pattern of a crown was on the outside and when the bowl was turned upside down showed beautifully.

"Now!" said Billy and curtsied.

Tommy Yelverton, trying to do likewise, sat down on the fire irons with a crash. "Men don't curtsy," Nan cried hastily. "They only bow."

"Is this Happy Valley?" interposed a clear voice. The question was so unexpected that Nan turned suddenly. In the doorway stood a lady, cool and immaculate, dressed in white

from her hat to her shoes. If she said anything else, it was lost in the yaps of Doll as the dog rushed to demolish the intruder.

"Come here, Doll," commanded Nan. Something in the horror of the stranger's face made her almost choke with laughter as she struggled gallantly to speak. "This is Happy Valley," she said at last, advancing with the forgotten feather duster triumphantly bobbing in her hair.

Lil had presence of mind. "Did you want to see Mrs. Addington?" she inquired.

"I am Mrs. Sinclair," said the apparition coldly.

"Gee!" squeaked Tommy Yelverton.

And Nan whispered to Billy, "Fly and tell mother."

Mrs. Addington would not have been led to say "Gee!" by anything in life; yet perhaps what she did say a moment later amounted to just that as she started bolt upright from her bed. "Cousin Adelaide—and there's nothing for supper! And Rose—Rose isn't coming till tomorrow! What'll we do?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## EXPLORING THE AIR *By Ralph Upson*

### Part Two

DOUBTLESS most people have a vague idea that faster travel over land and sea is coming sometime, but how and when no one surely knows. It is true that we cannot yet travel from Chicago to Paris in three days, but we do know how it can be done. Most of the details are of interest only to engineers, for it is they that will have to do most of the work; but sooner or later everyone will be interested.

For long-distance travel the only way that we know of to make more speed than is common is through the air. The air is the only medium that extends alike over sea and land, mountain and valley, forest and city. Furthermore, air offers very little resistance to anything moving through it.

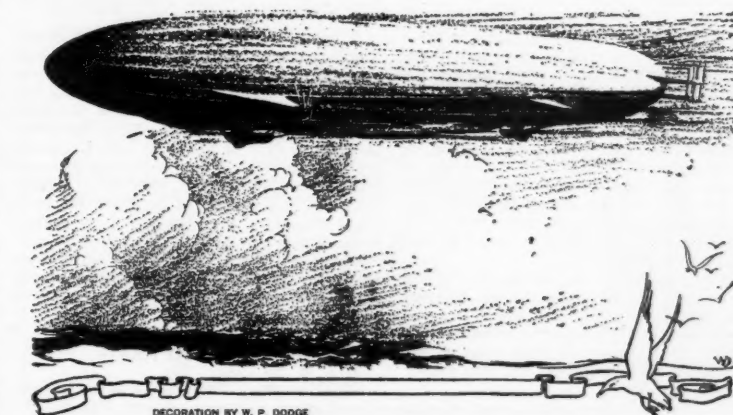
In the preceding installment a balloon was said to float in the air as a boat floats in the water. But here is something not usually known: a weight floating in the air meets just one tenth the resistance that the same weight meets when floating in water. That means that for equal weights and speeds it takes one tenth the power to drive an airship that it takes to drive a steamship. Moreover, for the same power an airship can go more than twice as fast.

An aeroplane can be made to go even faster than an airship, just as a hydroplane is faster than an ordinary motor boat. But unfortunately the aeroplane, like the hydroplane, is not efficient in very large sizes and will not carry fuel enough to go long distances with heavy loads. Aeroplanes will be increasingly useful for small loads at any distance up to a few hundred miles, but for purposes here considered it is impossible to use anything but airships, or, in other words, motor-propelled balloons.

Airships, commonly called dirigibles, used to be thought of as too slow and clumsy for practical use. People held that opinion only a few years ago. Now a wonderful change has come about. The old, no-account dirigible has become a real airship with the brightest kind of future. The improvements made in the last few years have revolutionized possibilities. But you may ask, "How are such improvements possible when an airship is just a balloon with a power plant attached?" The early dirigibles were indeed as simple as that. They were simple in theory and were simple in construction. But an efficient modern airship is the most complicated piece of engineering that you can find anywhere. It is no more like an ordinary balloon than an ocean steamship is like a raft.

To understand what an airship really is let us start with a "free" balloon and see what happens when we try to use an engine and a propeller even in the simplest way. The first thing to do is to figure out roughly whether we have enough gas capacity to carry the engine and fuel and all the necessary supplies. Then we must arrange some kind of solid mounting for the engine and see that the suspension cables will hold the load, take up the push from the propeller and yet not get in the way. We must also reinforce the balloon to prevent the wind pressure from caving it in when it gets up speed.

Now, if we had some way to steer it we should have an airship, at least in name. But a rudder to be of any use has to have some



leverage to work against. So far as steering is concerned, a round balloon in the air is just like a tub in the water. So we have to give up our round gas bag and build a long one on which a rudder will have some effect. And, what seems queer at first, more rudder action is needed to keep the ship headed straight than to turn it. Then we find that we need horizontal rudders, or "elevators," to steer the ship up and down. We also want the balloon to slip through the air as easily as possible; so we need a "streamline" curve of the right proportions. There we get into more complications. The long envelope tries to shut up like a jackknife or else hang its nose and tail like a scared puppy. We need therefore more reinforcements or internal pressure.

### TOYS OF YESTERDAY

In the so-called nonrigid airships the air is forced in under slight pressure—a circumstance that keeps the whole hull stiff. In a rigid airship the hull is stiff enough by itself, and the air simply flows in and out as needed. In either case the gas must be kept from mixing with the air; for that purpose we use flexible diaphragms or separate balloon bags inside the hull. Finally we need some special provision for landing. You can run a rowboat up on the shore, but you can't do that with an ocean steamship. A free balloon usually lands by letting all the gas out, which lets the balloon down flat on the ground. It is possible also to do that with most airships, but you don't do it if you can help it, for the delicate mechanical parts would be seriously injured if the craft collapsed all in a heap. The usual way of landing an airship is to stop it about one hundred feet in the air and drop a rope to a crew of men underneath, who then haul the ship down. Sometimes the gas expands and has to be let out; sometimes it contracts in coming down from a high altitude. When the gas contracts something has to take its place, and so air is put in or let in. So you see an airship has its difficult problems, and it is perhaps no wonder that it was not perfected overnight. It is still far from being perfect, but

in the last few years it has improved enormously.

Before the war people did not think of airships as being important. The Zeppelins carried a few holiday tourists at prices ranging between fifty and one hundred dollars a passenger for a distance that he could traverse by train at perhaps one twentieth of the cost. In this country there were a few little dirigibles with one man as operator; the way he controlled the craft was to run from one end of the car to the other. In good weather those little airships furnished pleasure to the country-fair crowds, and that seemed to be the limit of their usefulness.

But the toys of yesterday become the essentials of tomorrow. Even now there are many airships in the world capable of crossing the ocean and at least three that could cross and come back without stopping. The remarkable improvement is not owing, as might be supposed, to some brilliant new idea, conceived overnight and rushed to a patent attorney the next day or to great discoveries of new materials. Those things have of course played their part, but the biggest gains have been made and probably will still be made by steadily plugging along at refining details all the way through. There are three principal ways in which refinement and development have been carried on: first, by reducing weight; second, by improving the efficiency (power economy); third, by increasing the size.

Weight saving is the simplest and most direct method of improvement, for it is plain that an airship of any given size will lift only a certain amount and no more. So any weight saved from the structure can immediately be added to the useful, or paying, load. In that way, by little savings here and there, the useful load has been more than doubled, and at the same time the strength and durability, instead of being sacrificed, have been considerably improved.

Important as weight savings have been they are small as compared with what has been done by increasing the efficiency, or saving the power. Most of the engine power is used up simply in overcoming the drag, or





resistance, of the airship itself. So it is very important to have the resistance as small as possible; then our airship will slip through the air with the least expense of power and fuel.

In the early days the airship designer used to argue something like this: "Why worry about the resistance of such things as ropes, rigging and bracing? What are they compared with the big gas bag or hull that we have to push through the air?" The argument sounded well enough, but we thought it wouldn't hurt to get some actual figures on the air resistances of all the little ropes and wires round the ship. It was a long job, but when we finally finished it and added the figures we were astonished. The resistance of those little things was about three times the resistance of the big hull itself! So there was nothing to do except get to work and cut out, trim down and "streamline" every little thing that we could. Add to those improvements a certain improvement also in propellers and hulls and we get now an efficiency at least four times greater than it was before the war.

#### INCREASING THE SIZE

And what is the great value of increased efficiency? Is it just a matter of saving gasoline and oil? On the contrary, the direct saving in fuel is the smallest part of it. The big question is not, "What will the fuel cost?" but rather, "What could you carry in place of it if you didn't need all that fuel?" For example when the R34 came across the Atlantic it had to carry so much fuel that only about five per cent of its useful lift could be used for passengers; the fuel occupied fully eighty per cent of it. Now suppose we could double the efficiency of an airship of the same size. Then the fuel would have forty per cent, and the remaining forty-five per cent could be used for passengers. We should be able to carry nine times as many passengers at an equal speed!

But even efficiency has its fixed limits, and mere weight saving soon reaches a point where there is no more to be gained. But still we have left a third method of improvement, which is more important than both of the others together. It is nothing else than simply increasing the size.

Given a ship of sufficient size, we can do virtually anything with it. If we want more speed, we can get it by making the ship big enough; if we want more carrying capacity or altitude, we can get it by increasing the size of the ship; if we want to go a longer distance, we can do that also by making the ship larger. Just wave the magic wand of size and all those benefits will appear. Now that is not true for aeroplanes; why then is size so important for airships?

If we double the length and diameter of an airship, we increase its volume and lift eight times. Usually its weight also must be increased about eight times to make it strong enough. We haven't gained anything so far, because eight of the little airships would carry just as much and would cost about the same as one of the double-size ones. But the big ship needs only about four times the horse power of one of the little airships to attain the same speed.

Let us see what that means. Suppose we consider the R34 again on its transatlantic flight. Its five per cent allotment of passengers would be just about five regular passengers. Now, if we double the size of the ship, the total useful load would be about eight times as much, but the total fuel required would be only four times as much. Therefore it would be possible to carry three hundred and sixty passengers on the double-size ship without having done anything except to increase the size.

If we didn't want to carry so many passengers we could add more cargo or more fuel and go farther. Or else we could put in more engines and go faster, or by leaving the ship lightly loaded we could fly higher. So you see you can do almost anything with an airship simply by making it big enough.

What we want to do with airships naturally is to hasten the time when big air liners will run between all the important cities of the world. For example, there will be a direct line from Chicago to Paris on a three-days schedule, a journey that usually at most takes three times as long by train and boat. A main airship terminal like Chicago would be served by "feeders" in the form of aeroplane lines from all large towns within its territory.

Let us suppose that you are a passenger from Peoria, Illinois, and want to go to Paris. You look up your time-table and find that there is a "ship" leaving Chicago at four o'clock Friday afternoon that you can catch by aeroplane from Peoria at three. You need only to

get your ticket and reservation from a local agent, pack your suitcase, or trunk if you prefer, and you are ready to go. On coming in sight of Chicago, you catch a first glimpse of the big airship, more than a thousand feet long, riding at its mooring. The aeroplane lands a short distance away and rolls, or "taxi," up to the foot of the mooring post.

By the time you are comfortably settled in your cabin the big engines have started, the ship backs slowly away from her mooring, rises slightly and then—full speed ahead! You open your window or wander back to the observation deck to see better what is passing below. Already the city is fading in the distance. Lake Michigan is vast, silent and almost as blue as the sky. At first you are dimly aware of the drone of the engines and the rush of the wind, but soon you pay no more attention to them. If you stick your head out of the window, however, you may realize that the air is rushing past at eighty miles an hour.

Before going in to dinner you might as well wait and see the sunset, which truly is a wonderful sight. Then, owing to the clear pure air and the absence of disagreeable motion, you will probably be ready to eat. There is no seasickness in a large airship. After dinner you may sit down and read or play games if you like, but if it is your first trip you will probably prefer to watch the darkening landscape with its little man-made lights and the occasional glare of a large town.

Already you are out of the United States. The next morning if you get up early enough you will see a wonderful sight. Below are the heavily-wooded hills of New Brunswick; each intervening valley is filled to the brim with pure white mist that shines like silver in the long rays of the rising sun. Gradually the mist dissolves. Then for two whole hours you have an unobstructed view of the forests, lakes and hills passing by in apparently endless procession. Since the course is always being changed to keep on the favorable side of cyclonic storms, the scenery is never twice the same. Silently the little white cumulus clouds begin to form and gradually grow into big balls of fluffy white.

#### CHICAGO TO PARIS

Soon you reach the open sea at an altitude of perhaps three thousand feet. The navigator's log shows the ship had been traveling at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. The thin streak of breakers on the shore quickly vanishes behind. Now there is nothing but the deep blue water, marked by what seem to be little ripples; but by looking closely you can see tiny white specks flashing here and there. The captain, who is standing near by, remarks that it is a pretty heavy sea. On a steamship most of the passengers would be sick.

That night offers another fine chance for sleep. You may make a firm resolution to get up before sunrise, but it is likely to be broad daylight when you awake. You look out to get a glimpse of the sea, and in truth it is a sea—but of a kind you never in your life saw before. Clouds, an endless sheet of them below, with a whiteness so dazzling in the clear sunlight that you cannot look long at them without dark glasses. At breakfast the captain explains why he has gone above the clouds; it is raining below, and the moisture would weight the ship down unnecessarily.

Besides, the winds are more favorable above, and the sun makes it easy to take accurate bearings. By evening dark patches of ocean appear through rifts in the clouds. The sunset is magnificent. Two of the engines are out of commission, but no one need worry; there are ten others.

Just before dark a black streak of smoke appears on the water ahead; then you see the dim outlines of a large boat with four stacks. "The Mauretania," says the wireless operator, "recently made over into a freight ship." It rapidly fades again into the darkness behind; its little lights are only a faint reminder of the once brilliantly lighted decks and spacious saloons.

The next morning, which is Monday, England is in sight. The ship is running still

slower so as to get to her mooring in the relative calm of late afternoon. For several hours it passes slowly over the mosaic of little farms and woodlands, towns and villages. Soon you are over the English Channel. Then more farms and villages. And then at last Paris, the dim outlines of the Eiffel Tower and the ship's own terminal field.

You are now within three hundred feet of the ground. The engines are thrown into reverse, and a long rope drops from the nose of the ship. Men on the ground quickly grab the end and attach it to a cable from the mooring post. The cable is then pulled in, and the nose of the ship slowly lowers.

Passengers and baggage are unloaded, and within another half hour our passenger from Peoria is in his hotel, getting ready for dinner.

## UNDER THE ICE

By Earl Reed Silvers



THEY had been rivals, almost enemies, for the past two years. The trouble had started when Hob Barrett, during a test of strength in the lumber camp where they both were employed, had outlived the other boy, Tim Sanford. That event of itself was not of great importance.—Tim had been too good a fellow in those days to resent a fairly won victory,—but it had started the rivalry that later grew into open hostility.

Hob himself could not have told the reason for his enmity toward Tim. Deep in his heart he had a great deal of admiration for his rival, but circumstances had worked against the growth of friendship. The boys had both aspired ardently, even bitterly, to leadership; and up there in the north country human nature was too intense, too elemental, for either of them to affect a friendliness that he did not feel.

Clash had followed clash since their first test. Hob had generally proved himself the better man, more skilled, more resourceful and stronger. And now, toeing the mark in the skating race that the lumbermen had arranged, he had little doubt of the outcome of it. At various times he had proved himself to be the speediest skater in the surrounding country. The only person to contest his claim to championship was Tim Sanford. But Tim was "due for a beating," Hob knew!

As far as eye could reach the river was a mass of glittering ice, rugged and in places impossibly rough. The snow had held off

after the latest freeze, and the lumbermen had taken advantage of the fair weather to arrange the skating race. The course was two and a half miles down the river and back; the contestants were to traverse the stretch four times. The day was a half holiday, and the whole camp had turned out to see the fun. There were six contestants, all of whom except for Hob and Tim were grown men, burly, strong but slow. Hob knew that he would outclass them, that most of them probably would quit before they had covered half the distance. But he knew also that Tim Sanford, no matter how decisive his defeat was, would keep on to the end. He was the kind of fellow who always finishes a thing that he starts.

The gun sent them off; the gleaming skates swished over the rough ice. Hob was in the lead. A partisan cheer broke the silence of the forest-bordered river; then the contestants swept quickly out of sight round the nearest bend. At the first turn of the stake Hob was one hundred yards in the lead; at the second turn—halfway over the course—his lead was fully a quarter of a mile. Then the others quit as he had imagined they would—all except Tim Sanford, who skated doggedly on.

Hob, meeting him soon after he had made the second turn, smiled superciliously, but the other boy's face was expressionless, though Hob glimpsed the anger in his eyes. Speeding gracefully with long, even strokes, Hob increased his pace. There was no need to go faster,—he already had as good as won the race,—but he wanted to cross the line as far in the lead as possible, to humiliate his stubborn rival, to "rub it in." He grinned at the thought of his triumph.

Reaching the turning point for the last time, he waved to the official who was stationed there and set out up the final stretch. Fifty yards away the river widened and swept out from the point where Indian Creek came tumbling into it. Approaching the sweep, Hob suddenly thought of something. When he had covered the stretch before he had followed the far shore, where the ice was smooth; now, by cutting straight across as near as possible to where the creek entered the river, he could save several hundred yards from his course. The ice was rougher there, to be sure, and air holes signified that the place was dangerous, but he was willing to take the risk. Changing his course, he struck out over the untried ice; he picked his way carefully and did not lose much speed. It occurred to him that the ice might be thinner near the entrance to the creek and that he ought to avoid the danger spot, but the desire for an overwhelming victory overcame his better judgment.

He seemed to have passed the danger point and was smiling with satisfaction, when with no creak of warning, no resounding crash, the ice crumbled beneath him, and he tumbled into the black water as if a giant hand had

Hob . . . smiled superciliously, but the other boy's face was expressionless





seized him and pulled him downward. Gasping, he sank below the surface.

But his training in the north had prepared him for emergencies. Instinctively he struck out for the surface, expecting to bob up again in a second or two and scramble to safety on the thick ice. Even at that moment he was not afraid. He would lose some precious time and would be pretty uncomfortable with the cold, but that was all.

With a thud his head struck something hard and unyielding. For an instant he was stunned; then his mind cleared. He knew what had happened; he was under the ice; the current from the creek had swept him downstream away from the open water.

Then fear came to him, but he did not lose control of himself. Relaxing, he permitted himself to drift. He did not have much hope, however; there was no air space between water and ice, and at best he could not expect to hold his breath for more than a minute and a half. It looked very much as if he had skated his last race. Strangely, the thought of death did not concern him at the moment; he was aware of a keen regret of losing the race, of permitting Tim Sanford to win. Involuntarily his hands clenched.

But those thoughts passed almost at once. His lungs had begun to ache sharply, and he found himself fighting desperately for breath. And then, struggling despairingly and partly unconscious, he was suddenly able to breathe again! At the same moment his feet touched the bottom of the river. Standing upright, he looked round in bewilderment. He was up to his shoulders in water; above his head was a layer of ice. After a moment or two he discovered the reason for the pocket of air. Beside him the massive stump of a tree projected above the surface of the stream. At some time when the water was high the ice had frozen solidly round it; then when the water had dropped the ice had clung to the tree and left half a foot of precious air.

Hob thought at first that possibly he could push himself through the ice, but one attempt proved the futility of the scheme. A solid mass at least six inches thick lay between him and safety. There was no possibility either of his forcing his way to the shore; the canopy of ice stretched unbroken to the bank. To call for help would be useless; the ice would only smother his cries, hurl them back at him. So he kept silent. There seemed to be nothing to do. He had received a temporary respite, but that was all. Freezing to death was the alternative to drowning. The water was cold, bitterly, gnawingly cold. But his hardy body was able to withstand the shock; he could endure the cold for at least five minutes or so. But after that — He shivered!

At the place where ice and water separated he spied a stick floating toward him. When it came within reach he seized it, though he did not know just why. It was not until he had stood regarding it curiously for several seconds that a hopeful idea came to him. Directly above him were some air holes an inch or so in diameter; through one of them he might obtain help. If he could —

Reaching quickly into the pocket of his Mackinaw, he drew forth a dripping red handkerchief. Draping it over the end of the stick, he inserted the stick into one of the air holes and pushed upward. It forced its way through; the end was two feet above the frozen surface of the river. Very gently Hob worked the stick up and down. It was his only hope. If Tim, passing on his course, should see it, he would undoubtedly investigate, and then rescue would follow.

But would Tom see the stick? He might be on the far side of the river; he would be intent on making speed; his dogged eyes would be straight ahead. And even if he saw it, would he guess who was under the ice and refuse to stop? Hob shook his head almost angrily at the thought. He and Tim were rivals, yes, but surely rivalry was not a stronger thing than life itself!

Faintly came the even sound of gliding skates. It was strange how he could hear it and could even follow the course of the skater. Tim was nearing the spot on his way to his last turning. Working the danger signal carefully, Hob listened. He knew when the skater had swept away from Indian Creek to the farther bank, knew when the chance of his seeing the handkerchief had passed. The swish of skates grew indistinct. He was gone!

Hob almost lost heart. But there was still one more chance; on his return trip Tim might possibly discover him.

The sound of grinding skates reached his ears again. Tim had passed the mark and was coming back on the final stretch. Hob worked the signal frantically. His heart was thumping like a trip hammer; his head was throbbing excitedly. Would Tim see the signal?

The skater's strokes were firm and unbroken. Reaching the place where the river broadened, he turned. Hob called out then—long cries that the ice flung back at him. Realizing the futility of calling, he stopped and listened. He could easily trace the course of the other boy; Tim had reached a place directly opposite the entrance to the creek.

Suddenly the rip of his skates ceased. Hob's heart seemed to leap into his throat. In an agony of suspense he waited, hoping and yet hardly daring to hope. A minute later he heard the sound of grinding skates again, and—yes, the skater was going away from him!

For a moment everything round Hob turned black. Tim had seen his signal and had refused to come to his rescue. Tim, the boy whom he had always fought against but whom he had always secretly admired, had failed in the test! He had left a rival to suffer, probably to die!

The gnawing cold of the black water was doing its work. Hob, rugged as he was, was weakening. His teeth were chattering, but still he fought the cold. There was one more hope. Tim, after winning the race, might give the alarm, might send the men hurrying toward his unfortunate rival. But Hob was doubtful; he knew that once the men learned the story, Tim would be an outcast. In that country, where men were uncouth and primitive but true nevertheless, they would tolerate no such thing as that! Rather than tell what he knew, Tim would probably leave him to his fate. Still Hob worked the stick up and down, up and down. He was no quitter. The numbness that was threatening to overcome him—he would fight it to the end!

He had lost track of time when he heard the sound of footsteps on the ice. The footsteps seemed to be approaching. He lifted his head and pumped his stick frantically; he ventured a shrill, unnatural call. Suddenly he held his breath. A man was standing above him. "Help!" Hob called.

"Hello! Who are you?" The voice came down to him, muffled and strange.

"I'm Hob Barrett here under the ice. Dig me out!"

"One moment."

There was the sound of hacking. To Hob the suspense seemed endless. Then the head of an axe broke through the ice. The hole grew larger; a man's eyes stared at him. Then Hob knew what had happened; the official at the far turn, plodding back to the finish line, had taken the short cut over the ice and had seen his signal. Fortunately, the man had an axe; he had cut the stake pole with it. "I'll get you up in a minute," he called.

The hole grew larger until it was large enough for the body of a man to pass through. Hob, reaching out, seized his rescuer's hands. In another moment he was safe.

It was characteristic of him that he did not collapse as boys of softer mould might have done. Wrapping the official's warm, heavy coat round him, he skated desperately and with uneven strokes up the river. The exercise warmed his blood and when he reached the men grouped round the finish line he was almost himself again.

Noticing his water-soaked clothes, they demanded to know his story. He told them but omitted to say that Tim Sanford had stopped and then had gone on again. The men listened stolidly. Then they turned their attention to the race.

"Well, let's clear this thing up," said the foreman. "Tim won the race." He fished from his pocket a fancy buckskin purse and handed it to him. "Here's your prize."

But Tim drew back. "I wouldn't have won it if Barrett hadn't fallen through," he answered. "I don't want it."

The foreman grunted. "It's your funeral," he said shortly. "If the snow don't come, we'll run the race over next week."

The men, talking of other things, set off toward camp. But Tim Sanford held back, and Hob, seeing him, closed his jaws with a snap and walked over to where he was standing. "Do you mean to say you didn't see my handkerchief?" he demanded.

Tim's eyes opened wide. There was no hostility in his gaze, only bewilderment. "No," he replied.

But Hob was not convinced. "Then why did you stop and wait for a minute?"

Tim did not hesitate. "My skate got loose, and I had to tighten it," he replied.

Hob knew then that he had misjudged the other boy. But he did not apologize. Such things were not in their code. Instead he made amends in his own way. "How about going down to town together tonight?" he asked.

Tim nodded. A moment later they matched strides across the ice to the lumber camp. Such was the beginning of their friendship.



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### FACT AND COMMENT

BEAUTY ATTRACTS US, wit charms us, but kindness of heart holds us.

Where None may see, the Dew as brightly glistens;  
The Bird sings just as well where No one listens.

IF A MAN frequently says "I don't know," there is at least a reasonable presumption that he is well informed.

"THE AUTOMOBILE DRIVER who depends on his horn to clear the track for him," says the old citizen of Little Lot, "one of these days will have a short argument with a railway train at a grade crossing."

WHY SMILE at the ten-cent apple and frown at the ten-cent egg? Consider the constituents of eggs—vitamines and proteins, iron and other minerals, fat and water. Few other foods give us so much nourishment for a dime; and besides, when the pullets begin to lay eggs will be cheaper.

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANIES of several cities in the Middle West are using a weekly ticket to stimulate trade. Though the price of the ticket is different in different places, the general idea is expressed in the watchword of one company—"Pay a dollar a week and ride all you want."

BECAUSE THE FRENCH WHEAT CROP is short, the French government has passed a law to compel gristmills to so grind wheat as to get the maximum of flour out of it. In that way France will keep down the amount of wheat that it must buy abroad, and the people will get more wholesome bread—though they may not like it so well.

BRAIN WORKERS, who need to have some hours every day that are free from interruption, can seldom accomplish all they want to because so many unrelated matters claim their time. M. Clemenceau, when he is at home, finds the free time that he needs by going to bed at eight o'clock and getting up at three in the morning. From three until nine he does his work; after that he is ready for the usual touch-and-go of affairs.

A GREAT AÉROPLANE DESIGNER, discussing the general question of motorless flight, says that we are now at a stage in aeronautics in which the buzzard and the albatross have a special interest. The buzzard is a magnificent soarer. In regions where the country is flat the air rises from the surface of the earth in waves and sometimes in spirals, and the buzzard, finding a "lodgment" in one of the spirals, is lifted, sometimes out of sight. The albatross rises with little effort from the crest of a wave and rides the wind for hours.

THE CHARMING CHRISTMAS CUSTOM of hanging the interior of dwellings with evergreens as a refuge for sylvan spirits" is likely to deprive us of one of our most beautiful native trees—the holly. Even though Christmas is not Christmas without a few sprigs of the green, red-berried holly, why cut down whole trees and leave the stumps to rot in order to decorate department stores, club-houses and other large buildings where potted plants or artificial decorations would do as well? The slow-growing holly has become scarce even in remote woods and swamps,

and, unless the American people curb their demand for great quantities of it, will soon be almost extinct.

### NEW POLITICAL ALIGNMENTS

NO election passes nowadays without a great many commentators' observing that it is hard to interpret the results intelligently because neither of the two great parties any longer stands firmly and unitedly for anything. Democrats and Republicans no longer divide on the traditional issue of state rights or Federal power. Among those who believe that a busy government at Washington should control or even own business enterprises there are as many professed Republicans as Democrats. Not even the tariff is an unflinching touchstone of party orthodoxy. There are Democratic protectionists, and some, though not so many, Republican low-tariff men.

The fact is that events are dividing the people of the United States into two camps, the radical and the conservative. The two existing parties do not correspond to that division. The line cuts across them instead of between them. Neither party quite dares to ally itself irrevocably with either current of feeling, or to alienate a goodly number of its own members on the chance of attracting as many—or more—from the other side. The result is that neither party can carry out any well-considered programme of legislation when it is in nominal command of Congress. Blocs and combinations of various composition determine what shall or shall not become law. They get their votes from both sides of the political fence; they pass laws for which no party is responsible.

Some one is always suggesting that the situation is unfortunate and that there ought to be a party division on the social and economic issues of the present day. Before the votes were cast last month Senator Borah warned the Republicans that they must take a firm stand on one side or the other if they did not wish to see a powerful third party come into being. A few days after the election, Colonel Montgomery, formerly of the army board of appraisers, proposed a new party—the Conserving party he called it—in which farmers and business men were to be united under the political guidance of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, who is unique in being well thought of both in the grain country and in the district just east of Trinity Church, New York. Radical politicians are trying to arrange an alliance between the farmers and the labor-unionists.

On the other hand, politicians who are used to playing the game under the present rules and who are afraid of the political revolution that might result if the parties came out squarely for conservative or radical policies are employing all their skill in arranging compromises that will hold the diverging wings of their party organizations together for at least one more election. They are likely enough to succeed, for the American voter is a good deal of a traditionalist and usually has his own reasons for preferring to remain in the comfortable political company to which he is accustomed. It takes a great crisis like that which preceded the Civil War to destroy even a decrepit party organization and create a new and vital one.

Such a crisis does not yet appear to be at hand. Yet those who like their politics logical and intelligible instead of muddy and confused would welcome a party alignment, either of the old or of new parties, upon the issue: Shall the conservative or the radical views concerning society and government prevail?

### VALUES

EVERY great convulsion of history has been followed by at least a temporary revision or readjustment of values; it is not astonishing that in the years following the greatest of all convulsions the values that existed before the war should have been dislocated. Nor is it astonishing that to many volatile, ill-balanced, unthinking people the lesson of the war should have been just this: in a world so unstable as ours has shown itself to be self-indulgence is a duty that every man owes to himself; "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." But that false and shallow philosophy is the greatest obstacle in the way of reconstruction.

Most of those who are acting in accordance with it do not at all realize what their philosophy is and would indeed repel with indignation the charge that they believed anything so monstrous. They would point out how harmless are the pleasures and

excitements that they pursue. But it is not the essential harmlessness of their amusements that is in question. It is the spendthrift habit of life created by their indulgence that makes the trouble. An overexcited public pays an excessive tribute to those who excite it. The fact that a home-run king's salary has been raised to \$75,000 a year, or that a moving-picture favorite's annual earnings touch the million mark, merely indicates the tendency of the multitude to pay a disproportionate price in the pursuit of pleasure.

Curiously, along with the enhancement in value of the material pleasures and luxuries, there has been no decline in the value of education. Even the most self-indulgent parents are still inclined to take quite seriously the education of their children. But education itself has shifted its ground and adopted new values. It is disposed even in some influential quarters to look kindly on what was formerly the worst of all educational heresies—the policy of helping the child to develop in the direction of least resistance. It has almost entirely discarded Latin and Greek, the two instruments on which it mainly relied in the past; and it has taken up, as of greater value, nature study, economics, civics and chemistry. It is too early to determine whether the new education will have a higher value than the old; but it will certainly be quite different from it.

### CHRISTMAS

MORE than any other holiday in the year Christmas is the children's day. It is their day of mystery and excitement, of enchantment and gifts. And if its symbolism is explained to them and they are made to see how the story of the birth of Jesus is really the source of all their happiness, Christmas will not be merely a day of enjoyment but an influence in shaping and strengthening character. To the grown-up who instructs the child quite as much as to the child who is instructed the retelling of the Christmas story and the endeavor to make its appeal vivid and personal will probably bring some addition of grace if not of strength for facing life's immediate problems.

In emphasizing the religious character of Christmas it is important that we should realize and make clear what the character of our religion is. Because Christianity is the religion of friendliness, of cheerfulness, of happiness, and not a religion of gloom and asceticism, we should make the day dedicated to the founding of Christianity one of good cheer. In recognition of the appropriateness of such observance we give presents and see that the Christmas feast is gay and jolly. We bring our families and friends together and renew our common interests and the bonds of our affection. If we are hosts, we make our hospitality warm and cordial; if we are guests, we enter into the spirit of the house in which we are entertained.

There is still another thought about our religion that should be in our minds on Christmas Day. Because Christianity is the religion of friendship and cheerfulness, it is the religion of work. The religions of meditation and contemplation have never produced the spirit of friendship, the spirit that gave rise to the greeting, "Merry Christmas!" In celebrating Christmas let us find in the sympathy, affection, and cheerfulness that flow out to us a stimulus to better work and greater accomplishment.

On Christmas Day we think of the absent with a special intensity of longing. For many people the spirit of cheerfulness has a hard fight to make on that day. Memories of other and happier Christmases arise—memories of dear ones who no longer can join in the merrymaking. But they whose presence gave a radiance to past Christmas Days would not wish their absence to throw a gloom over Christmases to come. They would say, if they could, "Let this be your special effort—to keep the children and the guests from seeing what you see—the vacant chair in shadow before the Christmas fire."

### THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

THE voters of Great Britain have resolved to give Mr. Bonar Law and his cabinet a chance to show whether they can bring about the era of tranquillity and recuperation that the premier declares to be the need of the nation today. There is something in Mr. Bonar Law's speeches a little reminiscent of President Harding's appeals for a return to "normalcy" two years ago; the British electorate, like our own of 1920, is disposed to give a party that thinks it can apply a sedative

to the feverish politics of the last decade every opportunity to make the attempt.

The Conservative majority is not so large as the Republican majority here was; but it is enough to give the ministry an easy working control of Parliament and is larger than many observers thought it would be. It amounts to about eighty-five in a house of six hundred and fifteen. As was expected, the Labor party ran second in the poll. It returned one hundred and forty-one members and those men will be entitled by custom to style themselves "His Majesty's Opposition," which is the parliamentary way of referring to the chief minority party in the House of Commons. Not only Great Britain but the world will be interested to see how the Labor leaders discharge themselves of that responsibility, which is a new one for them. Hitherto they have commanded only a "group." In directing the parliamentary opposition to the government of the day they will find occasion for more tact, readiness and political skill than they have ever before been called on to display. Under the new conditions some of the labor men are likely to make real parliamentary reputations. Others will prove themselves unfit for the laborious and difficult task of conducting a great party through the endless complications of a parliamentary session and will lose some of the influence that they have gained by their success in the management of trades-union politics.

The Labor party did not carry quite so many seats as it hoped to carry. That result was foreshadowed in the recent borough-council elections and is probably owing to a feeling among the voters that labor, when in power, has shown itself eager to put through expensive, not to say extravagant, legislation. Taxes are already fearfully high in England and Scotland; no one wants them to go any higher.

The Liberal party, the old strength of which is dissipated by division among the Independent, or Asquith Liberals, the Coalition or Lloyd George Liberals and the Labor party, makes a poor showing with less than sixty votes. There was no popular uprising in support of Mr. Lloyd George. Since he went into the campaign without any thorough party organization, nothing else than a popular uprising could have helped him. And yet he will stand at the head of a group nearly as large as that of the regular Liberals. There will be no other parliamentary leader of equal resource and brilliancy in the House of Commons. Although two of the opposition parties are larger than his, he will be the most conspicuous and the most dangerous critic that the Bonar Law ministry will have to meet. But if he is to have a political future, he must either reassert his leadership over a reunited Liberal party, or else organize a centre party that shall absorb the Liberals and attract some of the moderate Conservatives as well. It will be interesting to see whether he can do either of those things.

### OTHER PUZZLES OF THE GERMAN MARK

LAST week we tried to show how Germany manages to maintain trade within itself, although that which represents the price rendered and accepted in transactions has neither present nor future value. There are other peculiarities in the situation. One of them is that the nominal value of marks in Germany is higher than the exchange value; that is, the value in other countries. Another and still more puzzling fact is that the prices for commodities in Germany to foreign purchasers who offer marks in payment are higher than the prices to domestic consumers. The two things result from different causes and must be treated separately.

The original reason why a currency depreciates is that it cannot be redeemed. When once paper money falls below par the extent to which it depreciates depends roughly on how much of it is issued—the more paper currency there is, the less it is worth. That is nearer to being mathematically true of the foreign valuation—the rate of exchange—than it is of the valuation in domestic trade; for commodity prices and wages, which are the accurate test of depreciation, do not rise so rapidly or so uniformly as the printing presses issue paper money. The ability to get rid of a sum received at once at virtually the same rate serves to retard somewhat the decline at home, but there is no such retarding influence on the decline of marks in the hands of foreigners; consequently the home value of the currency is always higher than the foreign value.

The other fact requires a different explanation. Although an American in Berlin



with his pocket full of German marks can buy as much with them as a German could, an American merchant who orders goods to be sent to New York and offers marks in payment cannot get the goods at the domestic price. The paper money system, which results in low wages, enables the Germans to produce goods at a lower cost than Great Britain or the United States can produce them. They take advantage of that by charging higher prices to foreign importers than to home consumers. They can thus obtain excessive profits and yet undersell their competitors. That explains the admitted prosperity of Germany at the present time. The government also profits by the situation thus created by imposing special export charges. Both causes tend to diminish the purchasing power of the paper money in the hands of foreigners.

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## CURRENT EVENTS

AMONG the notable results of the recent elections was the promotion of a woman to high judicial office. Miss Florence E. Allen was chosen a member of the Supreme Court of Ohio after she had served several years as a judge in the Court of Common Pleas at Cleveland. In history women have rarely won or desired that kind of distinction. To be sure there is Deborah, the heroine who "judged" Israel three thousand years ago. But Deborah was a prophetess and a lawgiver rather than a judge in the modern sense of the word. Miss Allen is perhaps the first of her sex who has had the right to the title of jurist.

THE Communist International has been meeting at Moscow. It was a different occasion from those earlier meetings when Bolshevism was first in power. Then there was little said about Russia as a nation, and much about the Communist conquest of the world. This year the delegates from other countries were treated to a tremendous demonstration of Russian nationalism. The discouragements that Communism has met elsewhere has thrown Bolshevism back upon itself in Russia, and the rising tide of national consciousness among the Russians has obliged the Bolshevik leaders to put themselves at the head of the national movement in order to keep their authority. The well-equipped and well-disciplined Red army that was paraded ostentatiously for the admiration of the foreign delegates is not an international force, but a Russian army. A growing spirit of national patriotism informs it. Willingly or unwillingly Trotsky, who created it, is borne along on the tide of feeling and when he speaks in public shows himself to be more and more a Russian and less and less an internationalist. Willingly or unwillingly the

Bolshevik party has accepted Lenin's new economic policy, which makes furtive concessions to capitalism and private property. The Russian revolution is over; reconstruction is beginning, and it will not be a reconstruction on the basis of Communism.

BESIDES the referenda on the Volstead law, which naturally attracted the widest attention, there were a great many other important referenda before the voters last month. Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Oklahoma passed measures authorizing the payment of a state bonus to soldiers who served in the war. South Dakota passed a law forbidding public festivities and entertainments on Sunday. Michigan voted against a state income tax. Minnesota voted to extend the credit of the state to aid in increasing its agricultural resources. Nebraska passed a law against picketing in labor disputes and another obliging would-be bankers to prove before they can begin business that local conditions require another bank. Wisconsin voted that in civil cases the verdict of ten members of a jury of twelve shall be the verdict of the jury. South Dakota refused to permit the state to engage in banking. Oregon struck a blow at private and parochial schools by voting that all children between the ages of eight and sixteen who have not completed the eighth grade must attend the public schools, or else be educated at home by a parent or a private tutor.

PARIS, like London, is finding that the stones of its ancient buildings, particularly its churches, are falling to decay with alarming rapidity. It is estimated that it will cost at least a million dollars to restore St. Paul's Church and Westminster Abbey to their original strength and beauty of surface, and the Parisians are manifesting much uneasiness about the condition of Notre Dame and some of their other beautiful old churches. A committee of French chemists who have been investigating the matter report that the soot and the sulphurous acid that are always present in the air of great industrial cities are responsible for the trouble. The soot is deposited on the stones, where it collects and condenses the acid, which becomes oxidized and converted into sulphuric acid. That in turn, acting on any kind of limestone, produces sulphate of chalk, a substance that crumbles easily.

A GOOD many people who take an interest in efficient representative government will sympathize with Senator McCormick's contention that the hard-and-fast seniority system, by which men succeed to chairmanships both in the Senate and in the House merely because of the length of time they have served, should be abandoned. The present arrangement sometimes produces good results, but quite as often it puts men at the head of important committees who are temperamentally and intellectually inadequate to their duties or puts into office men who are hostile to the administration or to the prevailing sentiment of their party. That of course threatens and sometimes destroys anything like responsibility in government. Senator McCormick's idea is that the chairmanships should be distributed by the "steering committees" of the dominant party in both houses. That method would lead to more genuine party responsibility and might well result in a more active and intelligent direction of affairs in Congress.

TERRIBLE devastation accompanied the earthquake and tidal wave that ravaged the coast of Chile last month. At least a thousand people are reported to have been killed and many towns were destroyed. The effects of the catastrophe were felt along nearly twelve hundred miles of coast line, from Antofagasta to Valdivia. Apparently what happened is a sudden displacement of the bed of the Pacific Ocean along a fault line hundreds of miles long and perhaps a hundred and fifty miles from shore. The convulsion drew the water of the ocean away from the land for a long distance, and then hurled it back on the shore. Five tidal waves were recorded at Antofagasta before the sea became quiet. Astronomers point out that the shock came almost at the moment of two conjunctions in the heavens, one of Jupiter and Mercury, the other of Neptune and the sun. It also occurred as a particularly large sun spot was crossing the meridian of the sun. No one knows whether those phenomena had any bearing on the disaster, but they are interesting coincidences on which to speculate.



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## Your Christmas Stocking

By Blanche E. Wade

Oh, may it be both wide and strong, the largest in the row,  
And full from holly-garnished top, to its last mistle-toe!

## GIFTS FROM GRAND-MOTHER

By Carrie Belle Boyden

WHEN Bob and Billy went down to their uncle's house to a Christmas dinner party, Richard and Henry, their two big cousins, gave them a hearty welcome. Though they were high-school students, the two older boys were still chummy with Bob and Billy.

"Richard and Henry, what did grandmother send you for Christmas?" Bob asked soon after he got there. "She gave Billy something brown, and she gave me something blue." He pointed proudly to the handsome neckties that he and his brother were wearing.

Richard and Henry admired the ties; then they looked at each other and laughed. "We couldn't very well wear what grandmother gave us," they said. "That would have been pretty awkward."

"What was it?" Billy asked. "Knives?" "No; something queerer than that," Henry said. "We could wear knives, you see, in a way."

"Skates?" Bob ventured. "Is that what your presents were?"

Richard shook his head. "We could put skates on, you know," was his answer.

"Candy!" Billy exclaimed. "You couldn't put candy on!"

"No; but we could put candy in," Henry said, and the two little boys could not help laughing.

They guessed everything they could think of: handkerchiefs, scarfs, cuff links, fountain pens; but somehow everything that they guessed seemed to be something that could be worn.

"Books," they guessed at last. "Queerer than that," said Richard and Henry.

"Cornets, maybe," said Billy at last in despair, "or a radio set or sleds or a hockey stick. Maybe it was a pet, or did she give you a horn or something to blow?"

Richard looked at Henry. "They're getting warm," he said. "No, the gifts aren't things that you blow, but—"

"But they are things that get blown," Henry finished.

That roused the younger boys' curiosity to the highest pitch. They guessed kites and balloons and soap-bubble pipes and whistles; but at each new guess their cousins said no.

"Something that's blown!" Bob repeated thoughtfully. Then his face lighted. "Oh, I know—sailboats!"

"Of course!" cried Billy, a little disappointed because he hadn't thought of it.

But again the older boys shook their heads.

"Still," Richard said, "they've come so close to it, Henry, that we might as well tell them." He turned to his cousins. "Grandmother gave us windmills."

Windmills! Billy and Bob looked puzzled. "Where are they? Out in the big field?" Billy asked.

"We'll show you right after dinner," Henry promised.

As soon as dinner was over the older boys beckoned Bob and Billy upstairs. There were two large boxes on the table in the upper hall. Henry opened one and Richard the other while Bob and Billy looked on, wondering.

"Here are the windmills," Richard said.

The younger boys stared; the boxes seemed to be full of wheels and pieces of colored pasteboard.

"What's all this got to do with windmills?" Bob asked in a flat voice.

"Get to work," said Richard, laughing, "and let's find out."

The four boys spent a busy half hour with the contents of those two boxes, and when they had finished Bob and Billy looked very happy. There on the table before them stood

two bright-colored windmills that they had helped to put together; just a little touch of wind, and the sails would go whirling.

Billy looked at Bob. "My, but they're fine presents!" he said.

Bob put his hand to his throat. "Well," he answered, "don't forget that we have our pretty neckties."

Just then four-year-old Polly Ann came trotting in with a letter in her hand. "It's just come from grandmother," she said, "and mother says for you boys to read it."

Richard unfolded the letter and began to read; presently he gave a whistle. "Listen to this," he said. "Grandmother writes, 'I am so afraid grandfather made a mistake when he mailed my Christmas gifts for Richard and Henry and Billy and Bob; he thinks he remembers addressing the big box to the older boys and the small box to Billy and Bob. But it should have been—'"

"The other way round!" shouted Billy and Bob together. They gave a whoop of joy.

Their cousins laughed. "Well!" said Henry. "I must say I wondered a little why grandmother sent us windmills. Anyway, a fair exchange is no robbery."

"And those are good-looking ties," Richard added.

Billy and Bob hurriedly took off the ties and handed them over to the older boys.

"They are fine," Bob said. "But just look at those windmills!"

"Yes, just look at them!" Billy joined in.

"Come on, let's take them out in the wind. I want to see them go round."

## The Land of Christmas Trees

By Grace May North



I'd like to find the country where  
trees of Christmas grow;  
It ought to be a pine wood with  
candles all aglow,  
And if I had a basket I'm sure  
that Santa'd say,  
"Just pick as many presents as  
you can take away!"

## HULDA SPEAKS A PIECE

By Nellie Josephine Phipps

IN the days when Hulda Gilman was a little girl there were no automobiles, and every year when the Gilmans went to the Christmas tree at the schoolhouse they had to huddle into the old carrivall, with hot bricks at their feet, and start before sun-down.

One year they started even earlier, for that Christmas six-year-old Hulda was to speak a piece, and so must be there in plenty of time. When the carrivall went rocking off, Hulda snuggled down on the middle seat beside her big sister Turie. Her hair, which had been braided the night before, still hung in twelve little pigtailed under her coat, for the night air would spoil the crimps if the braids were shaken out too soon.

As soon as she reached the schoolhouse

she would change her copper-toed shoes and red stockings for the black button boots and blue-and-white-striped stockings that lay in the bundle in her lap.

All the way down the road Hulda kept saying her piece over and over softly to herself. Now and then, when the carriage jolted over a "thank-you-ma'am," a word would come out loud with a jerk, and from the back seat there would come a smothered chuckle from Rosemary or Danny or little Pauline. But Hulda didn't mind.

For all their early start, it was late when the Gilmans reached the schoolhouse. The small back entry, which had been turned into a dressing room, was packed with little girls and their mothers, but Turie managed to find a corner for her little sister. Mother had to help with the tree, and so Turie was going to brush Hulda's hair.

In a little while the twelve pigtailed were all loose and the yellow hair was floating over Hulda's shoulders like a golden cloud. Turie fastened it back with the blue ribbon and then tied the sash round Hulda's waist.

"There," she said. "You can change your shoes and stockings by yourself, but hurry."

Hulda pulled off her knitted leggings and began hastily to untie one of her shoe strings. As she fumbled with the strings she began to whisper under her breath the piece that she was going to speak. The strings of the first shoe were tied in a hard knot, and the more she worked over them the tighter the knot became. There was no use trying to untie it. Alarmed, she began to work on the other shoe. That knot also was as tight as wax. And there was no one in the room to help her.

The poor little girl was frightened. She made a hurried search for a knife or a pair of scissors, but she could find neither.

Oh, where were mother and Turie? Why hadn't they come to see what was the matter? Then she remembered that they would never doubt, of course, that she was safely tucked into the front seat with the rest of the little girls who were going to speak. She stood still in the middle of the floor. "There is nothing I can do," she said; "not one thing."

She stooped with a sob and picked up the brown paper parcel that held her precious black shoes and blue-and-white-striped stockings.

All at once she heard, through the half-open door, the sound of sirring. Well, she knew what she would hear at the end of that first song. Presently, after what seemed years of listening, she heard it.

"The next number on the programme," said the clear, distinct voice of Mr. Mallory, her teacher, "is a recitation by Hulda Gilman."

Hulda looked to the right and left. How would father and mother and Turie and Rosemary feel if she failed to appear?

There was a short silence in the school-room, and then Mr. Mallory said again, "A recitation by Hulda Gilman." There was a note of surprise in his voice; Hulda was one of his most dependable pupils; she had never failed him before.

"There's only one thing to do," said Hulda out in the entry. "And," she added, "I'm going to do it."

The next moment all the people were astonished to see a little figure come fluttering through the side door and hurry up the side steps—rather a queer-looking little figure, very well dressed from the knees up, very homespun from the knees down, and with a brown paper parcel under one arm.

Hulda marched straight to the centre of the stage, placed the copper toes of her shoes together and made a bow.

"I must begin right off," she was thinking.

Then a dreadful thing happened. She opened her mouth, but not a sound came. She had forgotten every word of her piece!

A rustle went through the audience; a few were whispering; somebody laughed. Hulda shook in her copper-toed shoes.

Then all at once she saw the Christmas tree. It stood straight and tall, and its branches were gay with candy and nuts and bright-colored Christmas gifts. At the foot was a



"These are my good shoes and stockings"

large basket full of great golden oranges, and at the top of the heap sat a red-clad figure of Santa Claus. Santa seemed to be smiling straight into her eyes. Hulda smiled back, straightened her shoulders and began:

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

Straight through the dear old familiar poem she went; her voice never faltered, and her eyes looked straight into the kind eyes of the smiling Santa Claus.

At the last word she made a low bow. Then, as the people began to laugh and clap their hands, she looked down and caught sight of the stubby brown shoes and coarse red stockings beneath her fluffy white dress. She lifted her head and gazed straight at the audience.

"It wasn't my real speech," she began, as the handclapping died out. "And this isn't the way I expected to be dressed, either."

She unrolled the brown paper package and held up its contents—in one hand the shiny black shoes and in the other the blue-and-white-striped stockings.

"These are my good shoes and stockings," she said, "but I couldn't get the other shoes untied and so—and so I had to come out in the old ones. That's all." Then she added hastily, "Oh, no, it isn't; I have just remembered my real piece."

And, setting her copper toes firmly together again, she began at once to recite the "real" piece and went through it from start to finish without a single mistake.

She looked so little and so sweet as she stood there against the dark evergreen in her white dress and red stockings and smiled and shook her yellow hair that a wonderful burst of applause broke out. People clapped until they were tired, and then Mr. Mallory came and took her by the hand and led her down to her family. Father and mother and Turie smiled and looked very proud.

"Why, Hulda Gilman!" whispered Rosemary admiringly. "Weren't you scared to death?"

"At first I was," said Hulda, "but after a while I felt all right. Maybe," she added, "shoes and stockings don't make so much difference, after all."

## GARDENING

By Mary Carolyn Davies

To your New Year's garden go,  
Pull the weeds, your worries, sol  
Plant your pleasures in a row  
And this year, they'll grow and grow.

## A QUEER CHRISTMAS

By Marian Willard

IT was Christmas morning—the very day when twins should be having the merriest time in the world. But Betty and Bob were not merry at all; they sat and looked at each other and hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry.

"That letter is the best present we could have had, anyway," said Betty as she looked again at the big special-delivery stamp. "It means that mother is out of danger and that we shall be at home in a month."

A month before that when mother was first taken sick, the twins had been sent to



Uncle Ben's so that their own house should be very, very still. They had played on the big farm, had gone to school in the queer little old schoolhouse and watched for the rural delivery postman to bring them letters from home.

Christmas at home meant days of shopping, treats when Uncle Tom came home from college, parties at the church and at the schoolhouse, and Santa Claus, fat and jolly, ringing his little tinkling bells, ting-a-ling-a-ling! on the street corners. Besides that, Christmas at home meant planning for weeks ahead a gift that would bring Christmas cheer to some little child that was poor.

"Bobby, do you remember how pleased little Johnny Granger was when you gave him that pair of skates?"

"I guess I do! They were the first skates he had ever had! You gave his little sister a pair of rubber boots the same year. How happy she was with them! She wore them to school all winter whether it rained or not. I wish we could have some kind of a Christmas this year, just to keep from forgetting what day it is. There isn't even snow," and Bob looked with disgust at the bare, brown fields that stretched away in front of the little old farmhouse. "At home they've all been so worried over mother that probably no one has had time to buy us presents."

"Well, Bobby, mother is better and that is the best present in all the world for us," and Betty smiled bravely at her brother.

"I wish we could make a Christmas for somebody else," said Bobby slowly. "There aren't any poor people like the Granger family up here. Besides, we couldn't buy anything anyway, for there aren't any stores. Isn't this the strangest Christmas you ever saw?"

"Yes, Bob, it is. No place to spend money; woods full of Christmas trees and no presents to put on them; no one who needs help; no snow or skating or company. We are going to have a fine Christmas dinner, though. Uncle Ben killed a pair of fat chickens yesterday."

"And I'm going to crack butternuts right now," said Bobby, and he jumped up and left his twin sister to romp with Buddy, the collie, who ran up to her and thrust his soft nose into her hand, teasing for a game of tag.

"O Buddy, Buddy, I'll give you a Christmas present," and Betty ran upstairs and came flying down again with a big blue ribbon in her hand.

"There, old fellow," she said as she tied a huge bow on Buddy's collar, "you are going to have a Christmas present." As she spoke she clapped her hands and ran for Bobby. "O Bob, hurry up and finish your butternuts. I think we can have a Christmas after all. Hurry! Hurry!" Betty ran to find Uncle Ben and whisper something in his ear. She began to do the queerest things. Up to the attic she ran and down again, her arms full of big boxes and little ones; then down to the cellar, and up with an armful of carrots and apples; then out to the barn, and back with a box of corn and oats.

By that time Bobby had cracked all the butternuts for dinner and stood with his hands in his pockets, watching his sister. "What in the world are you doing?" he said with a grin.

Betty grinned at him. "You take the axe and go over to the upland pasture and cut down a little Christmas tree; Uncle Ben said we could."

"But we haven't a thing to put on the tree."

"We shall have something when you get back. Uncle Ben will take Mollie and meet you and haul the tree home."

Bob went off, wondering, and Betty began to snip up pieces of an old gray flannel shirt of Uncle Ben's and to rummage in the button box for old shoe buttons.

When Bob drove in with Uncle Ben and the little tree, Betty dangled in front of him seven gray mice by their tails of string. With shoe buttons for eyes and bodies made of gray flannel they looked so real that Uncle Ben jumped when he saw them.

"My land, child, those mice would fool any cat in the county!"

"Smell," answered Betty, and she dangled her treasures under her uncle's nose.

"Catnip mice," he chuckled.

"I guess I know now who your poor folks will be this year. They haven't a cent to their name, nor a shirt to their backs," laughed Bobby, "but why the tree?"

Such a busy morning as the twins had after that. Bob set up the tree in the middle of the big barn. Betty made little bundles that were as mysterious as any Christmas package you ever saw. Then she hung them on the tree; a package of meat cut fine for Buddy, marked with his name in big letters;

seven catnip mice hung by their string tails for the seven cats on the farm; four carrots tied in a bunch of hay for Mollie; four apples tied in hay for Duke, the old gray horse; lumps of sugar in little bundles for Buddy and Duke and Mollie.

Then Betty was puzzled. She ran to Uncle Ben. "What does a cow like best?" she asked. "Well, my cows like cornstalks. There is a pile back of the old barn."

So there were bundles of cornstalks at the base of the tree. Betty tied them in loose bunches for the cows. On the floor, too, stood a big bag of corn for the hens.

After dinner the fun began. Everyone put on a sweater and went to the barn, Buddy at Betty's heels proud of his new bow. Not all the cats could be found, but five of them came in answer to Aunt Martha's call. Buddy took his meat and without a single "thank you" ran to an empty stall to eat it. The horses nodded "thank you" as they ate the sugar and the carrots and the apples that the children held out to them. Cats and kittens played with their catnip mice and lapped up saucers of milk. Mother Bunch slapped the gray kitten because he tried to steal her catnip mouse. The cows crunched their cornstalks and looked with mild surprise at the queer antics of the kittens. Bob carried the heavy pail of corn out to the hen yard and Betty fed the chickens which crowded to her feet.

When the children went back to the barn with the empty pail, they themselves had a surprise. A wild gray squirrel had stolen in at the open door and was sitting up on his hind legs under the Christmas tree, eating the corn that had been spilled; and he seemed as much at home as if he had been invited to the party.

"I guess he must be our poor family," laughed Betty as she threw him another handful of corn.

"Twinnies," suddenly called a man's voice from the yard. Only father called like that. The twins turned, and there he stood in the door of the barn, smiling at them. They rushed to his arms. How happy they were to see him!

"So you youngsters had a tree for the penniless poor, did you?" he said with a laugh.

"Well, run into the house with your father and I'll see what this tree will have for you," said Uncle Tom, who stood just behind their father, his arms loaded with bundles.

In less time than you would have thought it could be done, Uncle Tom had the tree ready for Betty and Bob.

"We have to start for home by five o'clock, so you children had better open your bundles right now," said father. The twins did not need to be told twice. Eagerly they opened the packages, gay with ribbons and seals. There were books, snowshoes, a red silk umbrella for Betty and a pair of skating boots for Bob; candy, a gold piece for each twin from Uncle Tom; and best of all, a little pencil note from mother to tell them that she was really better and to wish them a merry Christmas.

"Well," said Bobby as the big car drove out of the yard with father and Uncle Tom, "this hasn't been such a queer Christmas, after all."

## IF, BUT AND WHEN

By Gamaliel Bradford

*If is a bungler that leads you astray  
When something comes up to be done right away.*

*When teacher has set you a task that is stiff,  
Sometimes you get round it by finding an IF.*

*But is as bad as a stone in your shoe,  
Which makes you go lame when you need to get through.  
It's a difficult thing to get out of a rut,  
When you're loaded and hampered and bothered with BUT.*

*When is the worst of the three: the mean sneak  
Says, "Do it tomorrow, next day, or next week."*

*Great schemes have been ruined again and again  
By sand in the gear from that little word WHEN.*

*If you want to carve out a career to your mind,  
To begin with just leave those poor creatures behind;  
For the world will be his who in boyhood learns how  
To establish an intimate friendship with NOW.*

## Can You Make Rhymes?

See whether you can finish this one

*If I were Santa Claus, beneath  
Each graceful, cheerful holly wreath  
I'd place a tube—large size and red—  
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—From Holiday Hints.

Copy this rhyme, filling in the two missing words, mail it to us with your name and address, and we will send you free a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

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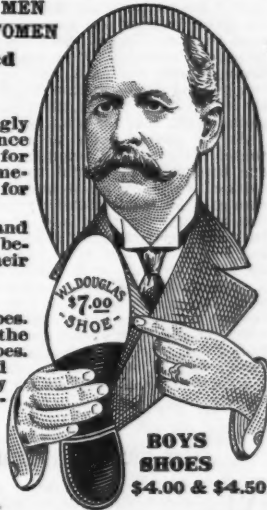
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## SURFACE ANCHORAGES

A TRAVELER during a severe storm a few years ago was much impressed with the terrible devastation that the wind had wrought. "What astonished me most," he says, "was the effect of the storm on the trees. They were not left standing with splintered and mangled trunks as they are in my home neighborhood after a great storm; they were bodily uprooted!"

"Examining them more closely, I discovered the cause. They had never been deep-rooted. The water was near the surface; the soil was fertile; there had been no necessity for their sending roots deep into the earth for strength and sustenance. They had led surface lives, so to speak, and as a consequence the first severe storm had laid them prostrate."

In order to withstand storm and wind a tree must have deep anchorage. Neither beautiful foliage nor graceful branches nor symmetrical trunk can insure stability and endurance. They may enhance the attractiveness of a tree, but to fulfill its mission in life a tree must have something else. And what is true of a tree is true of man. A mere surface life is insufficient. Man must lay hold of something deep and abiding or else go down in the storm and stress of circumstances to which he is sure to be subjected sooner or later.

Unfortunately, like the tree man seldom takes hold of permanent things unless harsh circumstances compel him to do it. The natural inclination of all of us is to let surface things suffice—money and the privileges that it will buy; social pleasures and the relaxation that comes without effort and sacrifice; frivolity and fashion, light and tinsel and glitter. Many a life never finds anything more substantial than those things.

A helpful writer of today has said, "The best fortune that befalls some people in this world is their so-called misfortune. Whatever compels the roots of righteousness and faith, which alone can hold the soul steadfast, to reach down deeper than any mere habit of morality or sunny-day trust in God's goodness and wisdom is not misfortune but fortune, however hard it may seem at first to accept it as such."

## THE LITTLE THIN DIME

MOTHER noticed a small white handkerchief that had been flung across a pile of books on the centre table. Good housewife that she was, she picked it up and found tied in one corner a dime. As she looked at it her lips quivered, for it was Margie's handkerchief and Margie's dime.

Margie was the only daughter in the family and worked downtown. She had just had her first month's pay and had given all of it to her mother—all, that is, except the dime. She had not kept out enough money to buy the pretty blouse that she had wanted for so long or the gray suede shoes that she had admired or the hat with the perk bow that she had dreamed of. She had not kept out even enough to buy herself a chocolate nut sundae!

As her mother stood and looked at the little thin dime the tears came and rolled slowly down her cheeks. She remembered when Margie was born and, later, had toddled by her side all day long on her small, uncertain feet; she remembered when Margie was older and at school and at the head of her class, when she used to set the table, wash the dishes and put hot cloths to her mother's head when she had neuralgia; she remembered Margie's graduating; and now—working all day in a hot office and keeping nothing for herself! Somehow the mother felt rich to have such an unselfish child, a child who knew how hard it was for her to pay the coal bills and keep the grocer satisfied and not run up too large a meat account—Margie, who knew all about the struggle to make ends meet in that little brown house; Margie, who cared more for her mother's comfort and happiness than for the things that she herself liked; Margie, going without that her mother might have her earnings!

As her mother looked at the little dime it seemed to change into something big and precious and beautiful. It glittered with diamonds; it sparkled with rubies; it shone with the lustre of pure gold, for it represented a young girl's sacrifices and a young girl's love. She put the coin back very gently and tied it up just as she had found it in the little white handkerchief. Then she began her daily work, but somehow she did it mechanically. The walls of the house had faded away, and she saw a road, an easy road, and by her side was her good, sweet little girl. The bills were paid, and there weren't any worries, and the flowers were blooming, and overhead the sun was shining, and, oh, what a good world it was.

What a pity that there are not more Margies in the world!

## THE RIDE OF HER LIFE

MRS. SMITH, a little bit of a woman, was a widow and lived with her daughters, Lucina and Lucinda, twins of about twelve years, on a quarter-section farm in western Kansas. Mr. Williams, their nearest neighbor, owned an enormous hog that often broke out of his pen and that in his wanderings had several times got into Mrs. Smith's barn. She finally decided to catch the big fellow the next time he went into the barn.

One morning as she and Lucina were doing the dishes Lucina ran into the kitchen, greatly excited. "O mother, mother! Mr. Williams's big hog has just gone into the barn!" she exclaimed.

## The Awakening of Mary

By Jeannie Pendleton Hall

Sweet Mary woke (the morn grew late  
After that wondrous night) and saw

The little downy head she loved  
Beside her in the straw.  
Her goodman fumbled with the pack  
Of simple things the travelers brought;

He touched them clumsy-wise, for he  
Was slow of hand and thought.

"Ah, now thou wakest up," he saith,  
"And very glad of that am I;  
I feared if thou hadst longer slept  
Our little Son would die."

Then Mary smiled as, reaching out,  
She drew her Babe upon her breast;

"Angels had brought Him food," saith she,  
"Were I too long at rest."

"Nay, but I fear," then Joseph saith,  
"Thyself wilt be anhungered soon;

Still overflows the inn with guests;  
Thou mayst not eat till noon.  
One of the shepherds, knowing this,  
Gave me last night his own dark bread,

But most unfitting food were this  
For thee, poor girl," he said.

Again did Mary smile; she marked  
Some little birds within the stall  
That pecked among the oaten straws  
And found them grain for all.

"Oh, troubled overmuch! the birds  
Are faring plentifully," saith she;  
"Shall I not trust Him for my food  
That trusts his Child to me?"



ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD BICHEL

Mrs. Smith called Scotty, their big collie, and, telling the girls to keep quiet, went out to the barn. The girls followed her at a little distance. When Mrs. Smith reached the door she pointed inside, where the hog was eating corn, and said, "Sick 'em, Scotty!"

In rushed Scotty, and Mrs. Smith quickly shut and fastened the door. But the uproar inside was so great that she opened the door a little in order to look. Unfortunately, the wind, which always blows over the prairies, caught it and flung it wide open. The hog, seeing a way of escape, started for the door. Mrs. Smith spread out her feet and hands and shouted, "Shoo, shoo!"

But the pig was more afraid of the dog than of her shoeing and bolted right between her feet. Now Mrs. Smith weighed only ninety pounds, and the hog was a big fellow and unfatigued. In a flash Mrs. Smith found herself securely seated face backward, on the feeble creature.

"Where are you going, ma?" cried the girls. "I don't know; don't let us go into the road. Head us off! Stop us!"

But the girls could no more stop the hog than they could stop a cyclone. Down the lane they sped with Scotty after them in full cry. Mrs. Smith was hanging on by the bristles.

"Get off, ma!" the girls shouted. "I can't," she replied. "Go back, Scotty. Oh, stop us!"

But Scotty thought chasing the hog was fine sport; whenever the hog lagged he would nip him.

At last, just before they reached the path leading into the hopen, Mrs. Smith rolled off into the dust of the road and, calling off the dog, started for home. As she met the girls, who were convulsed with laughter, she said, "Now, girls, if you ever say a word of this to any living soul, I will thrash you within an inch of your lives!" The hog never troubled them again.

## A MINISTER'S QUICK WIT

A MINISTER and a farmer were driving together in the Adirondack region when suddenly, as they were approaching a lonely farmhouse, a woman rushed out and said that her husband had taken an overdose of his asthma medicine and was dying! The two men hurried into the house.

They found the sick man gasping and choking. The minister asked to see the medicine, and the

woman brought out a bottle wrapped in plain paper and said that the doctor had left it only the day before. There was no label on the bottle; there was not even a name blown into the glass. After smelling of the contents, the minister handed the bottle back and said calmly, "Your husband hasn't taken enough of this to hurt him. If he had taken all of it, it wouldn't have killed him."

Greatly relieved, the woman expressed her thankfulness, and soon her husband, who had overheard the minister's words, began to breathe easier. After some further conversation the visitors rode on.

"What was that medicine?" inquired the farmer.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied the minister.

"What!" exclaimed his friend. "How did you dare tell the woman that it wouldn't hurt her husband?"

"You heard her say that the doctor left the medicine, didn't you?" replied the minister.

"Why, yes, but —"

"Well, do you suppose that any doctor on earth would give a patient medicine that it would be dangerous to take without written directions and without putting a label or mark of some kind on the bottle?"

The farmer understood and was silent. On the way home they found the sick man comfortable and cheerful—thanks solely to the quick wit of the minister.

## THE BEETLE

A SPIDER once cheered and encouraged Bruce, the royal captive; but a black beetle, according to the pretty Persian tale recently retold by Miss Kate Ingram, actually rescued an imprisoned prince.

The prince, Prince Mahmoud, had been confined in a lofty tower by a wicked elder brother who envied his great abilities and his popularity. On a false accusation of treason the prince had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment; but those who loved him best feared worse things, since the murmurs of the soldiery, who had been devoted to Prince Mahmoud, had come to the resentful ears of his brother and were likely soon to provoke him to murder.

Weeping, Mahmoud's faithful wife, veiled and cloaked, stole from her palace at night and came beneath his window, where she told her fears.

"Weep no more, my princess," said Mahmoud after a little thought, "but go home, and scatter crumbs upon the floor. When the ants and beetles have gathered to devour them catch a black beetle, but taking care that you do not hurt it, and bring it with you to this spot tomorrow night. Bring also a little butter; and bring three fine lines—the first of the most delicate silk thread, the second of stout packthread and the third of whippcord. And, lastly, bring a coil of stout rope."

The princess obeyed, and when she was again below the window Mahmoud directed her to tie the fine silk thread to the black beetle and then to touch his head with the butter and place him as far up as she could reach on the tower wall. She did so, and the beetle, smelling the butter and believing it always to be just ahead of him, started to crawl upward. Slowly, slowly he carried the silk thread up until the prisoner could catch the end; then the princess tied to the other end the packthread; and to the end of that the whippcord; and to the whippcord, the rope. Then Mahmoud slid down the rope and joined her, and they fled away and escaped.

When the furious elder brother stormed into the tower room the next morning there was no living creature in it except a little black beetle that scuttled into a crack just before he crossed to look out the window, muttering:

"How could he escape? How could he? An eagle of the air must have carried him on its great wings! There is no other way."

## CHRISTIAN HISTORY IN COINS AND MEDALS

IT is hard to disprove to everyone's satisfaction a thing that people are eager to believe. That, we learn from Mr. George F. Hill, who writes in the Illustrated London News, is the case with a certain sixteenth-century medal showing a head of Christ on one side and a Hebrew inscription on the other side. People want to believe that the medal dates from the time of Christ.

The inscription, says Mr. Hill, probably is correctly translated: "Jesus Christ, the King, came in peace, and God became man." Under the false impression that the medal is a very early, if not a contemporary, portrait of Christ it has been reproduced in immense numbers down to the present day. But quite apart from its workmanship the modern Hebrew lettering is enough to disprove its early origin.

The subject of Christian history in coins and medals is intensely interesting. In the year 314 A.D. a Christian mint official introduced the first faint sign of Christianity into the coinage by engraving a small cross in the field of the dies with which his coins were struck at the mint of Ticinum, which now is the modern Pavia. By degrees Christian symbols became common on the coins. Particularly interesting is a coin that was issued immediately after the Council of Nicea, in the year 325 A.D.; it shows a standard, surmounted by the Christian monogram, transfixing the serpent of heresy. The simple cross did not appear as an independent type until the reign of Tiberius II.,—578-582 A.D.,—and the bust of Christ is first seen on coins of Justinian II.—685-695 A.D. Leo VI first introduced the figure of the Virgin into the coinage, but saints did not appear on Byzantine coins before the twelfth century. Generally speaking, during the Middle Ages, when the design of the coins was not the head of a ruler or a decorative design based on the cross, it was most commonly a saint.

## A NEW THEORY OF RELATIVITY

"CHILDREN nowadays," grandmother said one day, "know nothing of home discipline. In my day the father was the head of the house and took an active part in governing it. But now children often ignore the father. The other day I was in the public library and heard the librarian explaining one of the rules to a pert and pretty high-school miss whose dress and demeanor were of the latest fashion."

"Your card of application," said the librarian, "is signed by a person of the same name as yourself. Now I can't accept your application unless you present a card signed by a person not of your own family."

"I brought back the card you gave me," answered the girl, "and it is signed all right."

"Yes, but is it signed by a member of your own family? Is this man who signed down here a relative of yours?"

"The girl's face brightened. 'Oh, no!' she replied. 'He is not a relative of mine. He is my father.'"

## SWIM NOT, DROWN NOT

MANY seafaring men never learn to swim because they believe that when they are born fate has already decided how and when they shall die. The reasoning may be fallacious, but it is better than that of the good Mohammedan and Hindu families in Kashmir who for many generations have taught their children that swimming is an ungentlemanly art. The elders reason, says the National Geographic Magazine, something like this:

Aristocratic children should not learn to swim, for if they learn they will often go into the water. Those who go often into the water run a greater risk of being drowned than those who, not knowing how to swim, keep out!





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*Try this test with any other pancake flour*

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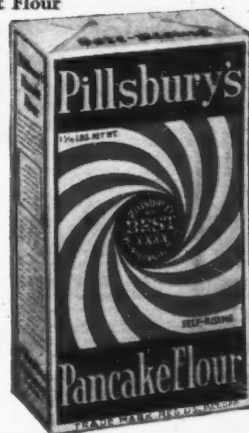
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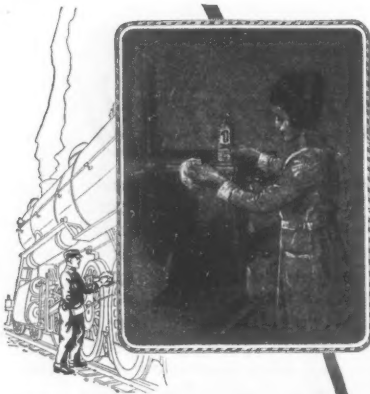
Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is ready for instant use. You require no baking powder, no eggs—just add cold water (or milk) and bake on a hot griddle. No mixing, no fussing, no trouble at all. Serve these perfect pancakes tomorrow. Give your family a tempting breakfast—with the nourishment of real wheat flour and *plenty* of it.

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### MORE ACCURATE THAN A WATCH

A COPPER bowl with a hole in it takes the place of a watch in certain parts of Algeria. The peasants of Beni Ferah, for example, use the bowl for timing the flow of water from the only near-by river into their gardens. So precious is the water, says Mr. M. W. Hilton-Simpson in *Among the Hill Folk of Algeria*, that a few moments more or less in the period of flow is of great importance. A mere watch therefore is not to be depended upon.

The bowl is part of a system of measuring time that must be of great antiquity and has probably persisted in Algeria for countless generations. When gardens are to be irrigated a member of the village council accompanies the landowners and brings with him a large earthen bowl or a metal pail of water and a small copper bowl in the bottom of which is a minute hole. At the moment when the mud wall of the irrigation canal is cut through and the water is allowed to flow into the first garden the councilor carefully places the perforated bowl, which is the property of the village council and which therefore is the legal measure, upon the water in the pail and watches carefully for it to sink—which it will do in perhaps fifteen minutes. Thus each landowner is entitled, as the case may be, to three, four, six or eight sinkings of the copper bowl.

As the time approaches when the flow of water into a garden is to cease a neighbor in the little group of landowners will shout to an assistant in his garden below to be ready to cut an inlet into his land as soon as the bowl has sunk for the last time. Just as the bowl sinks the last time the first peasant cries out to a man in his garden to stem the flow of water by filling with mud the hole through which it has been running. Since landowners are present in person, and since an elder with the official bowl does the measuring, it appears that the quaint method is almost as good as any.

### WHAT BLOODHOUNDS CAN DO

BLOODHOUNDS are interested, not in attacking a fugitive, but only in following his trail. The ability of a bloodhound to follow even an old trail, we learn from Mr. Samuel A. Derieux in the *American Magazine*, is truly remarkable.

Fifty hours after the robbery of a mail train at Casper, Wyoming, two bloodhounds were put on the trail of the bandits and at once led the officers into the desert. During a thirty-six-hour run the dogs did not hesitate once and finally reached the criminals, who surrendered without resisting.

The trail was "cold," but on the other hand few if any tracks had crossed it. For that reason this incident may seem even more remarkable than the one just narrated. In Nebraska a man once tried to kidnap a girl. Twelve hours after the attempt two bloodhounds were put on his trail; they followed it almost twenty miles to a town that was holding a fair. The streets were crowded, and people, thinking no doubt that the hounds were a part of the entertainment, stopped to watch them. Suddenly the dogs turned, nudged their way through the crowd and with wagging tails stopped in front of a certain man. The fellow was amazed and indignant when the officers told him that he was under arrest; but six hours later he confessed the crime!

### WHEN CHARLEY HELD UP HIS FOOT

A CARRIAGE horse named Charley, writes a correspondent, was in the habit, after being unharnessed in the barnyard, of rearing on his hind legs and, turning sharply round, running to the water trough. One day as he was in the act of wheeling he suddenly stood perfectly still, and my father wonderingly turned and saw one of his little boys directly under the horse's forelegs; the horse was holding one foot up about in the position it would be in when being shod.

It seems that in wheeling and coming down, Charley saw the boy and was intelligent and gentle enough not to injure him. The horse stood still with his foot in the air until my father had picked the little fellow up.

### POINTING THEM OUT

THE story of the lazy Chinese pilot that *The Companion* recently printed calls to the mind of a friend another mariner, who used to live in a small town on the shore of Buzzards Bay. In days long past he ran a small sloop from the town to New York; in it he carried whatever goods his neighbors wished to send and, returning, fetched from the city such things as they wished him to purchase for them.

He prided himself on being a good navigator, a "master mariner." On one of his trips home he remarked to a passenger, "I know the location of every rock in Buzzards Bay."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the sloop struck a rock, and he exclaimed, "Yes, there is one of them!"

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"... That tower of strength which stood foursquare to all the winds that blow."—Tennyson.



MARY FLETCHER, a captivating young girl, buries her talent for really great writing in unworthy literary ground. John Kirkwood, brilliant editor of a successful magazine, feels her personal charm and realizes the popular quality of her work, so tries to hold her to the less worthy but surely popular character of her literary output. He has an almost hypnotic power over her; his tact, his understanding and his great personal charm win her in spite of herself.

Not until Kirkwood introduces her to the Bohemian life of New York and she witnesses a sordid tragedy is she disillusioned. She realizes the ignoble quality of his friendship. She returns to Newcomb, her girlhood town, to visit an adoring aunt.

Mark Fenn, a professor of Newcomb College, and his sister Harriet are close neighbors of Mary's aunt. He watches Mary's progress with more than friendly interest, for he has loved her for years. He realizes that she is not keeping up to her standards and feels that he can help her to be her best self. So it becomes a struggle between

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## WILD LIFE IN INDIA

ONE of the fascinations of India, says a correspondent who was with the Prince of Wales, is its wild life. It is a novel experience to see a great kite swoop down while you are having tea on a lawn as smooth as a race course, and with a rush and a swirl of wings pick the largest of the sugar-coated cakes from the table and fly off with it into the blue. In clubs I have become used to seeing crows come in and sit on the chandelier in the writing room and to hearing them make what sound like insulting remarks until you throw balls of paper at them. In large shops you may see tame mongooses running round the floor; they are much better at catching rats than any cat. In Lucknow I came as near as possible to killing a jackal with my motor car; a mere dog would have been doomed. And on a road in the Punjab a small deer—chikara—raced ahead of me for a mile, as a hare will race at home.

But it is the birds that impress the visitor most; they are bewildering. And of all the birds the crow—the gray crow, for there is another "corbie," which is black—is most shameless and omnipresent. By one of the eccentricities of scientific nomenclature the Indian crow narrowly escaped being called the shameless one—*Corvus impudicus*. But it did escape, and now it parades as *Corvus splendens*. Wiser, it has been called, than any man,—"quovis homine scientior,"—and it is the embodiment of sanctimonious slyness. It is silent and secretive when bent on larceny; and at other times it is clamorously proclaiming its virtues to the world, so that all over India, whatever other noise is going on, there is always audible an undercurrent, a background, a running accompaniment of cawing.

Next to the crows in importance are the kites—overzealous, it may be, in the matter of sugar-coated cakes and such things,—the great scavengers, even as they were once the scavengers of London. The mere beauty of their flight makes it impossible not to regret that they have disappeared. No bird, gull or eagle moves with so little apparent effort, and none offers so fascinating a study as the kite offers when it steers. Its tail is so mobile that you may frequently see it turned vertically to the plane of the body and the wings. To swoop from the sky and lightly pick a cake off a plate between two persons who are sitting at a small tea table requires clever steering!

And next in interest to the kites are the vultures, scavengers also. They are beautiful as they circle, higher than the kites, but at close quarters they are horrid, and they are most horrid of all when feeding in parties on some dead horse or other carrion. You may walk up to a gorged bird—gray-backed vulture, king vulture or Neophron—until you can almost kick it, when it will scramble lumpishly a few yards away. But the vultures are most dreadful in certain cities, where there is one place—one only—where you are sure to see them in plenty. The common scavenging of street and alley they leave to the crows and kites, to the pariah dog, and to the jackal. Their own loathsome feeding place is at the Towers of Silence, where the dead of the Parsis are exposed to the sky. For the Parsis will not desecrate the holy elements by contact with mortality—not the earth by burying their dead, or the water by giving the bodies to the flood, or the fire by burning them; so you will always see the vultures circling in the air and perched on trees and housetops near the Towers of Silence.

But other birds—paddy birds, cattle egrets, drongos, bulbuls, magpie robins, parrots, bee eaters and the rest! One morning a bee eater, all beautiful emerald and bronze sheen, sat on the ropes of my tent some eight or nine feet from me, and I watched it catch, with quick swoops like those of a flycatcher, half a dozen bees or plump bluebottles in succession. "Surely," I said to myself, "the lovely creature has had breakfast enough." Then it caught one of the largest-sized red dragon flies. The bird had to beat it against the ropes for several minutes before it succeeded in getting the dragon fly in the right position for swallowing. Where the dragon fly can possibly have found room inside the bird I do not know; it went part way down, but the wings still stuck out of the bird's mouth on each side like exaggerated whiskers.

Thus adorned, the bee eater sat there, very stodgy and replete, silently digesting. "That at all events will last you a day or two," I said to it. But in two minutes it was catching and swallowing bees again. The bee eater's appetite and how the cattle egret can walk about in the hot sun all day without its brain's becoming addled are two of the mysteries of Indian bird life.

There are few more lovely things living than the common green bee eater. It has a charming flight, and when a party of them, six or seven, are sporting in the air as they love to do,—rising one after another from the trees with a lilting, pipitlike flight, and chasing one another, lifting and dipping, all aglitter in the sunshine,—they are one of the prettiest sights in the world.

And the green parrots—they really are rose-collared lorikeets—are beautiful also, but no one loves them. For one thing they eat too much fruit and spoil more than they eat; moreover, they make harsh noises importunately. But they are certainly good to look at; and it is tantalizing when a tree is all a-chatter with them, and—since the birds and the leaves are of exactly the same tint—you cannot see a feather. Then perhaps a beady eye catches your attention, and you discover its owner.

It is said that the owls throttle green parrots at night; but I believe that the story has risen merely because the noise the owl habitually makes is precisely the noise a green parrot would make if it were being throttled. You cannot imagine it to be anything else. Our owls at home can be ridiculous enough in the mating season, but their cries are harmony compared with the squeaks and sputterings of the Indian owl, or owlet, when in ecstasy. It is called *Athene brahma*—what a name! For some nights an owl sat on the roof of my tent and danced and spluttered and fizzed and exploded till it was difficult not to wish that some one would take the parrot's side and throttle the owl.

But what are these few creatures to all the amazing wealth of wild life in the country? Think of what the Prince of Wales alone has killed—tiger, leopard, rhinoceros, sloth bear, wild boar, black buck, chikara, chital, or spotted deer, demoiselle crane, two kinds of partridge, seven or eight kinds of duck, two kinds of sand grouse, and for all I know many things besides and others yet to come! Add to those the domestic animals that are novel to the Englishman,—camels and elephants, buffaloes and zebras, the two kinds of monkeys, and the peacocks everywhere,—and still you have touched only the fringe of Indian wild life.

### MARK TWAIN'S MOTHER

IN spite of the humor and gaiety of his writings Mark Twain's life was by no means care-free. During his youth and middle age he was rarely in comfortable circumstances; adversity, grief and ill fortune dogged him with discouraging persistency. Yet through it all he smiled. After reading the following extract from his autobiography, recently published in Harper's Magazine, we cannot doubt that he found inspiration for his struggle in the memory of his mother's high courage.

One day in our village, he says, I saw a vicious devil of a Corsican, a common terror in the town, chasing his grown daughter past cautious male citizens, with a heavy rope in his hand, and declaring that he would wear it out on her. My mother spread her door wide to the refugee and then, instead of closing and locking it after her, stood in it and stretched her arms across it, barring the way. The man swore, cursed and threatened her with his rope, but she did not flinch or show any sign of fear; she only stood straight and fine and lashed him, shamed him, derided him and defied him—in tones not audible to the middle of the street, but audible to the man's conscience and dormant manhood. And he asked her pardon and gave her his rope; then with a great and blasphemous oath he said that she was the bravest woman he had ever seen. Without another word he went his way and troubled her no more. He and she were always good friends after that, for in her he had found a long-felt want—some one who was not afraid of him.

### A CROWDED CLIMAX

NOT long ago, says the London Fishing Gazette, the editor of an English paper who had ordered a story of a certain length found when the story arrived that the author had written several hundred words more than were required. Since the paper was on the point of going to press, the editor, who was not a literary man, decided to condense the story to make it fit the space he had allowed for it. He reduced the last few paragraphs to a single sentence. This is how it read:

"The earl took a hurried glance about, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip pocket and, finally, his life."

## Where Was I To Get the Money?

—and then Emma Broach told me about her "Magic Purse Filler"—an ideal way to earn extra money each week without having to step out of the house

HOW we were going to manage was worrying me almost sick—I hadn't anything new for so long that I was getting ashamed to go anywhere. And I wanted things for the house—new curtains and a long list of other items.

Everett's teeth needed attention. So did mine. And there were some bills six months overdue.

But where was the money to come from? We were paying for a home. That and the butcher's and grocer's bills and other necessary expenses took every cent almost as fast as Everett could earn it. No matter how we skimmed and squeezed and went without, there was never anything left over.

### I Couldn't Neglect My Home

"If I could earn some extra money!" I kept thinking. But it seemed like wishing for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Nearly every day I had my work all done by one or two o'clock or a little after. Often I was all through by 10 or 11 in the morning. It seemed a shame to let all that spare time go to waste when I needed money so badly.

But what could I do? I couldn't neglect the meals or the housework—so a place in a store or office or any other work requiring regular hours was out of the question. Except for plain mending, I couldn't sew. I knew I was not cut out for canvassing or selling—and besides I was too sensitive about what the neighbors would say to try anything so public. Rack my brain as I would; there seemed nothing else left.

### Emma Had a Lot of New Things

One afternoon last Spring when I was feeling blue and discouraged, Emma Broach came over. We had been friends since our school days. But we now lived so far apart that it was often a long time between visits.

Of course I was glad to see her. But I must confess that in a way she made me feel more blue and discouraged than ever. From head to heels everything she had on was new—she looked as if she had just stepped out of a fashion plate. I couldn't help envying her.

When she mentioned a little trip she had taken the week before, and some new furniture she had just ordered for her living-room, my envy doubled. I knew her husband didn't make any more than Everett. I wondered how she did it. Finally I blurted right out and asked her.

### I Was All Ears

"Really, Helene," she answered, "I have bought so many things in the past few months that I know people must think some rich relative has left us all his money. But it's even better than that. I call it my 'Magic Purse Filler'."

"Helene," she went on, "I've found the ideal way to earn money at home—in spare time. It's so easy and interesting that it doesn't seem like work at all."

I was all ears—maybe Emma's "Magic Purse Filler" would solve my troubles, too.

"You know how popular wool hose have become," she continued, "even in summer—for golf, tennis and other sports. And in Winter everybody wants them. That's the secret of all my new things—I earn them by knitting hose."

"Oh, no!" Emma explained in answer to my question. "Not by hand. I knit them on a wonderful little hand knitting machine—my 'Magic Purse Filler.' I can knit a pair in so short a time. And I get fine pay for every pair I make."

### Emma Tells the Way

"But who pays you?" I asked. "And how did you get started?"

"There is a concern in Rochester, New York," Emma answered, "that wants all the home-knit hose it can get—to supply to stores. You know how nearly everybody thinks genuine home-knit goods are so much better than the factory kind. It's the Home Profit Hosiery Company. You get the Knitter from them. They show you how to use it—how to knit hose, sweaters and many other articles. They also furnish free yarn—it doesn't cost you a penny. You do the knitting entirely at your own convenience—sit down to the machine just whenever you feel like it. Then, as fast as you finish a dozen or more pairs, you send them to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and they send you a check. It's the easiest way to earn extra money I have ever heard of."

If Emma could do it, why couldn't I? She had

a booklet with her that told all about the plan. I eagerly read every word of it, and then immediately sent for a machine.

With the machine came a book of instructions that made everything simple and clear. After a little practice—simply following directions carefully—I quickly got the knack of it and have been doing fine ever since.

### My First Check

The first week—just sitting down at the machine whenever I had nothing else to do—I knit four dozen pairs. A few days later I received my first check—and how happy and proud I was. Since then the postman has brought me dozens of such checks, many of them for much larger amounts; but none has ever given me such a thrill as that first one did—for it meant that at last I had found the way to keep my pocketbook filled instead of empty—a way to end all the old skimping and worrying and doing without.

Operating the Home Profit Knitter looked so easy that Everett—who at first sort of pooh-poohed the whole idea—got interested and tried his hand. Now, many an evening he fills his pipe and sits down at the Knitter and knits two or three or a half dozen pairs of hose before going to bed—says he would rather do it than read.

### I No Longer Have to Do Without

Before long I had all the back bills paid up and enough money to blossom out in new clothes. Also for the first time in my life I now have a little money in the bank—all my own. And the amount is steadily growing larger each month.

It's really surprising what a difference a little extra money can make. More than once I have earned enough in a single week to pay for a nice new dress. The biggest check I ever received in all my life came one week when Everett helped me every evening. Everett said last night maybe we would be better off if he were to quit his job as a painter and give all his time to knitting hose—and at that, perhaps, there's more truth in his remark than he realized.

MRS. HELENE HIMBERG,

261 Wyckoff Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE.—The above is an actual experience. It was related by Mrs. Himberg to one of our representatives, and is printed here practically in her own words. Mrs. Himberg's signed statement as to the facts is on file in our office.

### It's Helping Hundreds of Others

All over America, the Home Profit Knitter is helping girls and women (and men, too) to turn their spare time into money—helping people get out of debt—helping them pay for homes—helping them dress better—helping them buy new furniture and pianos and phonographs—helping them provide for trips and vacations and other pleasures—helping them to lay up money to send their boys and girls to college—helping them build bank accounts—helping them buy cars—helping them get more comfort, more enjoyment and more self-respect out of life.

Knitting socks on the Home Profit Knitter is easy, rapid, profitable and pleasant. You can also knit sweaters, golf stockings, ladies' stockings or children's stockings, and many other articles. All you have to do is to follow the simple instructions.

You can send all your work to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get good pay for it—all on a guaranteed basis—or you can buy your yarn and sell the finished work direct to friends and neighbors and local stores just as you choose. Either way you can earn an extra \$5 to \$15 (some do even better) every week the year round—the amount depending on how much time you give to the work.

If your regular income is not enough—if there are things you want or need—why not at least write to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get full information? Through their simple and guaranteed plan you can easily bring an end to your worries about money—and without having to step out of the house. Use this coupon. You should do it right away—it may make a difference of hundreds of dollars a year to you.

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Rochester, N. Y.

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### THE FOOD VALUE OF FISH

THERE are two popular but erroneous notions regarding the use of fish in the diet. The first is that when for any reason the physician has forbidden the patient to eat meat he can still eat fish with impunity. Sometimes, if he is suffering with one or more of certain diseases, especially diseases of the kidneys, and must therefore avoid extractives,—substances that give the flavor to meats, but that, taken in undue amount, may poison the system,—he may eat fish; for fish is poor in extractives. But when the physician's object is to restrict as far as possible the intake of proteins the object is defeated by substituting fish, for some varieties of fish contain almost as much protein as chicken or lamb contains. The second erroneous belief is that because fish is rich in phosphorus it is a "brain food." It is true that the brain, like all nervous substance, contains phosphorus, but it does not follow that eating an excess of phosphorus-containing foods will improve the thought processes; furthermore, the statement that fish is especially rich in phosphorus is not supported by fact.

Fish is nevertheless very valuable both as a source of energy and as a nutritive substance. The energy that comes from eating fish is owing largely to the amount of fat that it contains. But the different varieties of fish vary greatly in that respect; salmon and eels are among the fattest of fish, whereas cod contains less fat than lean beef does. The nutritive, tissue-building property of fish is inferior to that of meat, since in general the protein content is less, but the difference is so slight that we may ignore it.

The best way to cook fish is to broil or to roast it; boiling dissolves out much of the nutritive material. Among the most nutritive fishes are herring, salmon, cod, halibut, eels, mackerel and trout. The fatter fishes are eels, halibut, herring, mackerel and salmon. Oysters and clams contain comparatively little nourishment and little fat, but are very digestible, especially when eaten raw. The lean varieties of fresh and smoked fish are in general more digestible than meat, but cod and other fish digest slowly.

### MARJORIE'S KITTEN

IN the middle of her breakfast Marjorie, who is four years old, set down her cup. "Biew," she said firmly. "Down."

"Oh," her mother sighed—the situation seemed to be not a new one. "O dear! Why couldn't the creature wait! And how does she hear so quickly? I didn't."

"What creature? And hear what?" Marjorie's young aunt, who had arrived only the day before, inquired with interest.

"The Tompkins kitten. You'll soon learn her idiosyncrasies—Marjorie's, I mean. In general substitute 'b' for 'm'—hence 'biew.' She is wild over cats anywhere, but I can't let her touch this one; it looks as if it might carry anything that cats ever do carry and several things besides. But she talks to it through the screen door, and the creature actually seems to come for that, for I've had to harden my heart and not feed it, else it would be here all the time. Go out and see the performance."

The aunt went and stood watching. Rubbing against the outside of the screen door was a forlorn kitten, purring feebly. Inside Marjorie was squatted down, telling it in language occasionally intelligible to the uninitiated the story of the three bears.

Marjorie's aunt lifted eyes that were shining suspiciously. "If only," she said, "we could give so when loneliness comes to our door!"

Perhaps it was because the thin pointed face at the door bore an odd resemblance to Marjorie's kitten, perhaps the young aunt's remark would have echoed in any case; but Marjorie's mother, who later in the day was about to turn away a woman who was selling aprons, suddenly changed her mind. "You look tired," she said. "It's so hot. Come in and let me give you a glass of grape juice. Then tell me about these aprons."

But the woman drank only a little of the grape juice. It was so unbelievable to have anyone care! It all came out, the story of long illness and fierce pride and terror of charity. She could sell plain things or mend—if she could only get it to do!

"I'll help you get it," Marjorie's mother said. "I know a good many of us would be glad to have help an hour or two a week."

They talked the matter over, and the tired figure lifted, brightened and gathered courage. As she was going out she turned impulsively. "But even if you hadn't been so wonderful about helping, to have anybody care—"

After she had gone, Marjorie's mother did a curious thing. Going softly through the kitchen as if afraid that Marjorie, who was asleep upstairs, might hear, she looked through the screen door. The kitten was on the fence and came promptly. Marjorie's mother poured some milk into a saucer and set it out. "It's foolish of me," she murmured. "I'm just bidding for trouble. But what if I had let that poor soul go!"

### PLAYING POSSUM

A FEW years ago, writes a contributor, my father brought a young possum to the house; he intended to fatten and kill it. Turning it loose in the kitchen, he told my mother that he would fix a place for it the next morning.

Of course the children were anxious to tame and pet it; so we spread a newspaper on the floor in front of the cupboard, under which the young animal had retreated. On the paper we placed a saucer of bread and milk, an apple and a potato.

The next morning the first thing that the children thought of was the possum; but oddly enough they could not find him, though the bread and milk and the apple had been eaten, except for a small piece; even the newspaper was missing. We all joined in the search but without success, and finally we concluded that the creature had escaped from the house. The following morning, however, we were astonished to find that three or four eggs from the day's gathering under the kitchen cabinet had been eaten. It seemed that the possum had not left the house after all.

Again we searched; we looked behind and beneath almost every piece of furniture in the house and even took a lantern and searched the garret. At last, reluctantly, we were obliged to cease our efforts. Apparently the animal was able to enter and leave the house somehow.

That night I was awake with a severe toothache. Some time after everyone was asleep I heard a peculiar stir and rustle in the kitchen. Slipping out of bed and tiptoeing to the door of the dining room, which led to the kitchen, I hastily struck a match; in the glare I caught a glimpse of a furry object as it leaped from the cabinet to the floor and glided away into the darkness. Striking another match, I made sure that all doors that led from the kitchen were fastened. Then, pleased with my discovery, I went back to bed; it would, I thought, be an easy task to find the possum in the morning.

But morning revealed nothing; we could not find him. Since the day was Saturday, I began as usual to clean. In one corner of the kitchen stood a washstand that we had made from a cracker box; a partition divided it into two compartments. In the lower part we kept a large wash-bowl; in the upper part was a pitcher to match and various other articles, which we seldom used. I drew the washstand away from the wall to remove the contents and clean them. As I took hold of the pitcher I was astonished at the weight of it. Placing it on the floor, I looked inside; there seemed to be nothing there except a piece of newspaper. I took it out, and what did I see but the possum!

Removing him, we found also several articles that we had missed. He had made a comfortable bed of a towel, a scarf, a pair of mittens and the newspaper. Not having the heart to keep the little fellow a prisoner any longer, we gave him his freedom.

### A SCHOOL-TEACHER'S BILL

DURING the past few years, writes a Companion subscriber, much has been said about the meagerness of teachers' salaries, and as a teacher I am bound to believe that our financial recompense is less than it ought to be. However, I have found among some old papers a receipt for tuition paid to a private-school instructor of about one hundred years ago. It reads:

Newcastle, August 15, 1817.  
Mr. Joseph Chaney, Dr., to Mary Cargill.  
To teaching two scholars twelve weeks at 10 cents per week, \$2.40.

It is receipted on December 2 of the same year by Miss Cargill.

Besides that "10 cents per week" most of our salaries seem rather munificent. What particularly stirs my sympathy is the long wait of nearly four months before she "received payment." Perhaps the other "schollars'" parents were more prompt.

### NEITHER WORDS NOR TIME WASTED

THERE is a commercial traveler in Yorkshire, says an English paper, who is renowned for the amount of ground he can cover in a day's work. "How do you manage to do it?" some one asked him.

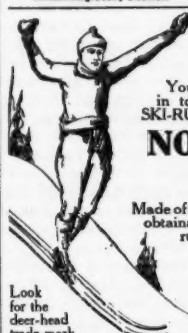
"Ah," he replied, "I pops me 'ead inside the door. 'Marnin', I says. 'Marnin', they says. 'Owt?' says I. 'Nowt,' says they. 'Marnin', says I. 'Marnin', says they. I pops me 'ead outside the door, an' off I goes to the next shop."

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#### GANDHI AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS

**G**ANDHI, the Indian Nationalist, is an adored leader. His popularity is perhaps the greater because he seems to care so little for the plaudits of his followers. An eyewitness—Miss Gertrude Emerson—who describes in Asia a gathering that he addressed tells of his manner and attitude before his admirers.

Gandhi, says Miss Emerson, arrived in a carriage drawn by two horses covered with necklaces and chains of flowers. As all the grass in a field is sometimes bent one way by the wind, so the people swayed forward. A few more or less self-appointed directors jumped up and, waving their arms frantically, shouted to the masses to keep their seats. The familiar cry of "Mahatma Gandhi ki-jai!"—Victory to Gandhi, great of soul!—shattered the air. Then those of us in the purdah section saw that on the opposite side a passage was being cleaved through the crowd and that some one was slowly making his way toward the platform amid showers of far-flung petals and strung marigolds. A small, almost emaciated figure with bare head and feet emerged wrapped in a nondescript shawl such as Lincoln used to wear. He sat down cross-legged and acknowledged neither by word nor by gesture the acclamation that greeted him. He was oddly scornful of all the demonstration; or perhaps he was only tired.

Gandhi is not, as he is so often described, an impractical idealist; he knows only too well the strength of mass support. He knows that particularly in India the ignorant masses can be made to reflect in multiple images the well-thought-out ideas of the leaders. For the sake of the goal that he has set for himself—to weld the masses to at least a semblance of unity of feeling—he suffers himself to be adored.

As he sat there in the attitude of an ascetic deep in contemplation he remained curiously aloof from the crowd; nor did he ever descend to it. The craning of necks ceased a little after the people had fulfilled their ambition to see their hero in his humble glory. Some one passed a small spinning wheel up to him. A child near me began to wail and refused to be comforted by the sticky sweets that his mother coaxed him to accept. While that little domestic incident was taking my attention, Gandhi had risen and was preparing to address the crowd.



#### THE BISHOP'S TROUSERS

**N**O one, not even a bishop, can afford to be so absent-minded as Bishop C— was on the Saturday that he arrived at a little town in his diocese where he was to hold confirmation services the next day.

Mr. Grey, the resident minister, met him at the railway station and took him to his house for the night. The next morning at breakfast the bishop did not appear. A maidservant whom Mr. Grey sent to summon him returned and said, "Mr. Bishop says will Mr. Grey please come upstairs?"

Mr. Grey found the bishop all dressed except for his trousers; although the door had been locked, they had disappeared in the night. Further search availed nothing. The question was, what should he do? The bishop was a large man; the rector was very small. It was Sunday; business houses were closed. And the town was looking forward to hearing the bishop.

Mr. Grey went to the house of a merchant, and together they went to the store. A short time later Mr. Grey returned with a garment that would enable his guest to breakfast and to attend church.

On Monday morning when the bishop left the town the mystery still was unsolved. But as the train was pulling out, the bishop, catching sight of the conductor, sprang from his seat. "You are to blame for all this!" he exclaimed.

"All what?" the conductor asked with a mystified air.

"Why, my trousers! I told you Saturday I had been so hurried I had not had time to have them pressed, and you told me how to press them under the mattress—and that's where they are now!"



#### DRINKING WATER FROM SEA ICE

**N**O one doubts that the ocean is salt. It seems reasonable to suppose therefore that the ice of salt water must also be salt, but the inference is only partly correct—a fact that many polar explorers, says Mr. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson in the Friendly Arctic, have never found out.

When sea ice forms it is salty, though perhaps not quite so salty as the water from which it is made. During the winter it probably loses a certain amount of salt, though even in April and May ice formed during the previous October is still too salty for ordinary use in cooking. In June and July, when rains begin and the snow melts, little rivulets, trickling here and there over the ice, form a network of lakes connected by channels of sluggishly flowing water. Those ponds and streams are not salt, and when they freeze the following year the ice from them will supply the purest water possible both for cooking and for drinking. So the polar explorer need never fear for his water supply.



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